Week ending July 25 1953
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

Beginning this week

DIGBY by David Walker

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EDITORIAL

Three Rs

ONE out of every three children who have just left school at the age of fifteen is either illiterate (which means that he or she cannot read as well as a seven-year-old), semi-illiterate (not as well as a ten-year-old) or backward (no better than a twelve-year-old).

According to Ministry of Education 1948 figures, thirty per cent of fifteen-year-olds, twenty-three per cent of eleven-year-olds and sixteen per cent of adults were backward in reading.

With the flood of "postwar babies" entering the schools things will be getting even worse.

MR. I. J. PITMAN, M.P., grandson of the inventor of shorthand, says: "Britain is in danger of entering an era of illiteracy. The facts are horrible. At the end of every school term more and more boys and girls who can hardly read or write are flooding out of school."

I. J. PITMAN
"The facts are horrible"

Although they have spent up to ten years of their lives in school, 1,500 National Servicemen a year are found to be illiterate.

The army puts them into one of its five preliminary education centres, and in six weeks nearly all of them are taught to read and write.

If the army can succeed, the schools ought to be able to. An educational system costing the taxpayer £300,000,000 a year should do its basic job of teaching the three Rs.

But the army teachers have two big advantages. Their classes are smaller—not more than ten pupils against as many as fifty. And they can *make* them learn.

SCHOOLTEACHERS *are* handicapped by the unwieldy size of their classes, which shortages of staff, money and buildings have made inevitable.

But an immediate tightening-up on discipline can and should be made.

This will need the co-operation of parents, who must realize that a certain amount of punishment may be required to help their children.

The simplest method of combating ignorance would be to hold "holiday classes" which those children who have failed in reading and writing would be compelled to attend by law.

THE idea of going to school in their holidays would work wonders with many slackers, and those who did attend would have the individual attention they need.

We owe to Britain, as well as to two million of the six million children now at school and threatened with sub-literacy when they leave, prompt and effective action.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

RICHARD O. ROSE has never fed seagulls, but has pleasant memories of watching other people do so at many seaside resorts, including Herne Bay, Kent, where he lives. The scene, first suggested as a cover by the flight of plaster doves in the Lion and Unicorn Pavilion at the Festival of Britain, is the kind—with plenty of action and figures—which Rose likes to paint best. "But, paradoxically," he says, "it is the most exhausting work I know."

DIGBY by David Walker

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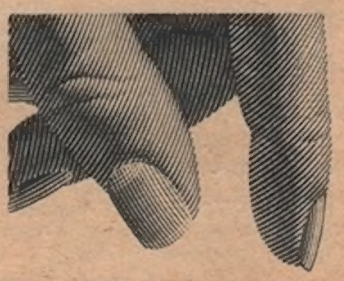
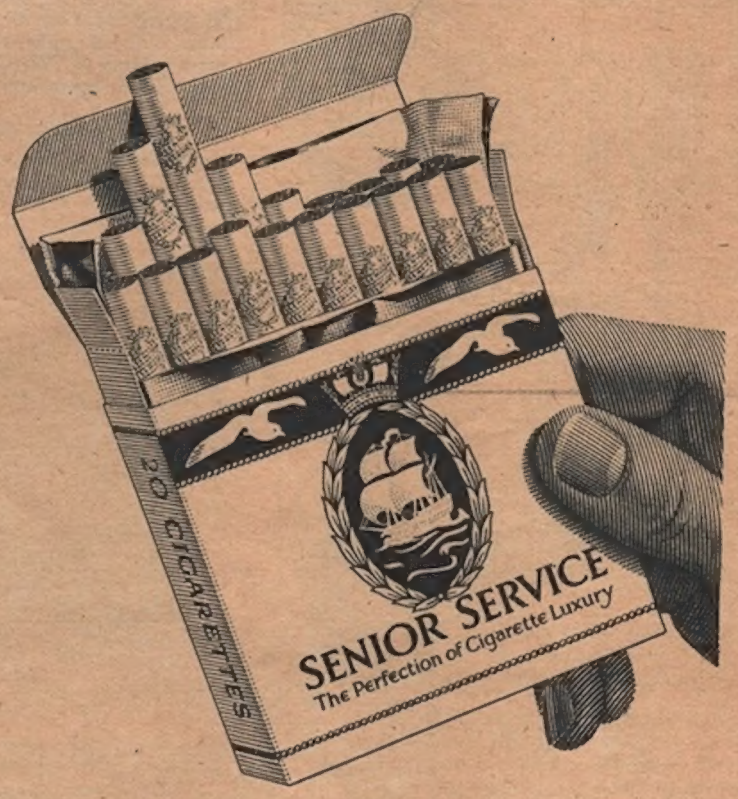


— they have such a good name



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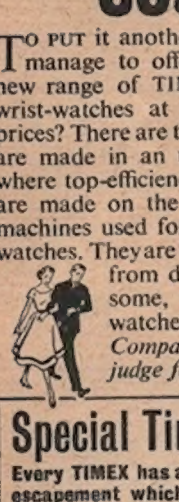

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FREE SPEECH

Digging deep —into the pocket

LAST winter we moved into a new house, and I looked forward to having my own garden. I felt I could realize my ambition to grow fruit, flowers and vegetables far more cheaply than they can be bought in the shops.

But so far I am disillusioned. A hosepipe cost me nearly £2. Before I can use it, I have to pay a special water rate of £3 16s. a year. My gardening tools added another £10 to my expenditure, and I paid a fair sum for seeds and plants, for I wanted the best. Then I discovered countless pests and diseases which threatened my crops, and this meant more money for chemicals. To cap it all, my wife brought home green peas at 3d. a pound—and I hate to think of the real cost of the peas in my garden. Perhaps in four or five years' time I shall have spread my capital outlay enough to be able to pass a greengrocer's or a florist's without doing painful mental arithmetic.—M. L. C., Surrey.

Village Names

THE name of the Cornish village, St. Anthony in Roseland ("Free Speech," June 27) is not quite so romantic as it sounds. Roseland is derived from an old Cornish word, "Roz," meaning "moor."—L. B., Cheshire.

. . . Not far from here is a small village called Nine Maidens. Near it, is a hamlet called Knave-go-by. A tiny place on the Cornish coast is called Song-of-the-Sea.—MRS. N. ROWE, Camborne, Cornwall.

. . . I can never address a letter to the village of Pity Me, County Durham, without some stirring of the heart.—MISS M. W. GRAHAM, Mount Road East, Sunderland.

Captain's Cottage

AS a native of Great Ayton, in Yorkshire, I would like to correct Nevil Shute's statement about Capt. James Cook's cottage ("In The Wet," July 4). The cottage was not transported to Australia from Whitby; it

came from Great Ayton. I enclose a photograph of the cottage before it was demolished.—MRS. EDNA MILLER, B.A.O.R. 28, Germany.

The cottage is said to have been built at Great Ayton by Capt. Cook's father. In 1934 it was dismantled, the bricks were carefully numbered, and it was re-erected in Melbourne. On the site of the cottage in Great Ayton stands a stone obelisk hewn from Point Hicks, the first Australian land sighted by Cook in 1770.

Weight Variety

DOUBTING the verdict of a pair of scales, I had myself weighed in two chemists' shops, a chain store and a local market all within half an hour. On each occasion the weight was different, although each establishment claimed to have a reliable machine. The differences were not merely ounces, but pounds. I hope that shop scales are watched more closely than this by weights and measures inspectors, otherwise someone stands to lose every time.—MISS J. B. CLEGG, Deeplish Road, Rochdale, Lancashire.

Inspectors test all public scales—from weighbridges measuring many tons to the most delicate dispensary balances. This includes personal weighing machines. There are penalties for using inaccurate scales.

JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN

Harry Hopkins reports from

CORNWALL

In John Bull next week

Dartmoor Food

THE author of "Inside Dartmoor" tells us that meals he received in prison included porridge, bread, marmalade and tea—which seems a very meagre diet compared with another prison menu I have seen described. Do the inmates of Dartmoor get less food than those of other prisons?—G. MAYELL, Randolph Road, Southall, Middlesex.

The menu described is a typical prison breakfast. Diet is the same in all British prisons. A 1950 Home Office report says that: "Dinners are substantial, with a variety of meat and fish dishes, potatoes, fresh or dried, vegetables and a sweet pudding. . . . Supper consists of bread and margarine and tea, with a variable addition such as cheese, jam or lettuce." This week's instalment of "Inside Dartmoor" begins on page 22.

Lost and Found

IN the last six months, my husband has found three items of lost property. First he saw two pound notes on the floor of a bus, and handed them to the conductor. As they were not claimed in three months the bus company's lost property department gave them to the conductor. In another town, my husband found a shopping bag on a bus. Again he gave it to the conductor. This time he was told that if it was not claimed the bag would be sold by the company. His third find was a shoulder bag at a seaside resort. The beach superintendent told him that, as finder, he could have the bag if it was unclaimed. Is there no fixed rule governing the fate of unclaimed lost property?—MRS. M. W., Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire.

On transport services, lost property which is unclaimed after a period varying between one and three months becomes "vested" in the company running the service. Some bus companies reward the conductor, others—like London Transport—sell the article and devote half the proceeds to employees' funds. Articles taken to the police are returned to the finder if unclaimed after three months.

Penny On The Croc

VISITING the Zoo this week, I was astonished to see pennies, sixpences and even shillings on the floor of the alligator and crocodile cages. One alligator had a sixpence on his back. It seems an awful waste of money.—E. C., Ticehurst, Sussex.

"These reptiles are somnolent things," says London Zoo. "People throw coins at them to wake them up and make them move. It doesn't do much good—their hides are too thick. The money? That goes to the Red Cross."

Dangerous Wedges

I WOULD advise the girl pillion passenger on Bill Morden's motor-cycling cover (JOHN BULL, July 4) never to wear wedge-heel shoes. A couple of years ago my husband lost control of his machine while I was riding pillion. We went into a speed wobble and as he struggled to right the motor-cycle I tried to hang on. But my wedge shoes could not grip the foot rests, and I hit the road hard.—MRS. N. HALL, Blackpool, Lancashire.

Charmed Air

SINCE I came back from a holiday at my favourite seaside resort I have been surprised at the varying opinions about its climate. A number of my friends say: "That place is so

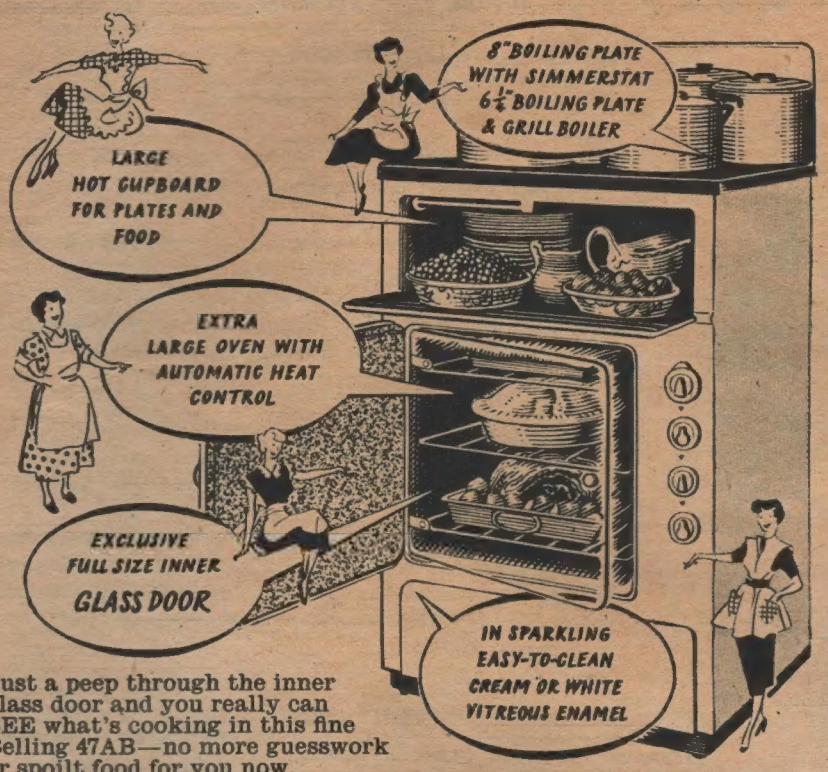
bracing." An equal number refer to it as "relaxing." Is there any scientific basis for attributing these effects to a town?—FRANK GOODRIDGE, Fernshaw Road, London, S.W.10.

"Three things about the climate of a town affect the visitor," says a doctor—"winds, humidity and temperature. But it depends where you normally live. The man who lives in a windy region finds the south coast breezes relaxing. The man who lives in a sheltered valley finds them bracing."

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

SEE what's Cooking!

THROUGH THE FULL SIZE INNER GLASS DOOR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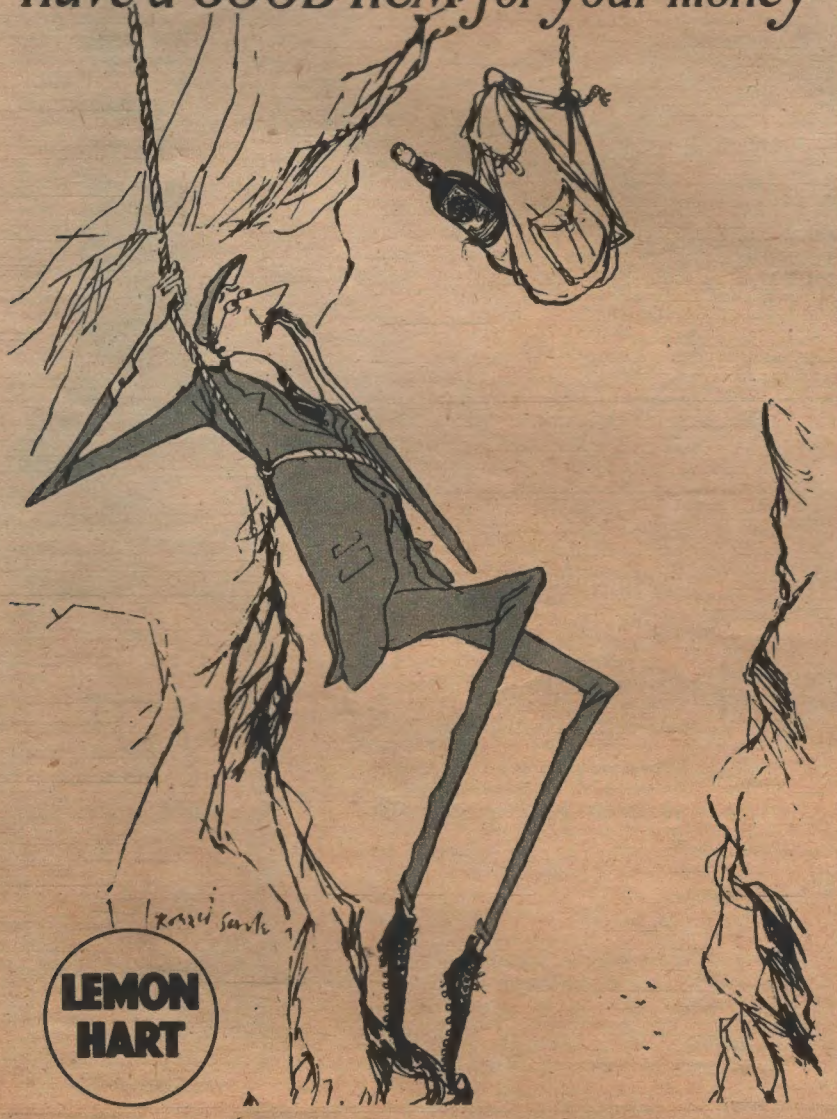

You like your jam to be full of whole strawberries—

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"Smooth" IS THE KEY WORD says Mr. WILFRID WHITE,

seen here on Talisman. At Helsinki last year, his two almost faultless rounds on Nizefella contributed to Britain's final victory in the Prix des Nations.

From the smooth combination of horse and rider . . .

"In show-jumping," says Wilfrid White, "horse and rider must operate as a *smooth* combination. A firm seat, light hands and perfect judgement of speed and distance are certainly essential, but only when there is complete harmony and *smooth* co-operation between horse and rider can victory be achieved."

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Madeleine turned her mouth away as he bent to kiss her. "Don't muss me up, darling," she said. It wasn't much of a welcome home, Digby thought

Beginning a sparkling new serial—the hilarious adventures of . . .

DIGBY

by DAVID WALKER

DIGBY P. ROSS was alone in a high room in the city. Above him were ceiling, roof garden, flagstaff, sky; below him thirty-two storeys of Ross Corporation, New York City.

He looked at the portraits of his late father and of Madeleine, at the Harvard group, at the air-photo of his fishing camp in New Brunswick, at the Audubon prints, at the exquisite Shiraz, at the bookcase where Buchan, Henty, Forester, Stevenson, Kipling, Longfellow, Cather, Service were assembled, at that accursed ebony octagon, at all the elegant unbusinesslike array which was the office of a most businesslike man. He saw the muted place with loathing.

What can it be? he thought. What is this sink of despair that's been taking me deeper and deeper for months? What is the evil streak that finally got the better of me yesterday and made me shout abuse at my innocent secretary, and do something far worse than that?

He picked up his paperweight now, and weighed it in his right hand. For two pins, he thought, for one goddam little pin, I'd throw it through the window. He dropped the thing like a hot coal.

And to think that in all my fifteen years of service to the corporation—impeccable service, I may justifiably say—to think that I have never before even raised my voice. True, I have been severe. True, I have been ruthless against chicanery. But angry, never. And to think of the selfless devotion and loyalty Miss Prendergast has given me; and she is standing there in her horn-rimmed spectacles, so damned expectant and perfect and patient; that's the very thing that made me do it, take it out on the one person who. . . . *Will you, for God's sake, not pester me?* Crash!—against the mahogany door.

The worst thing is that I can't trust myself any more. Having done it once, I'll do it again and again, easier and easier. I might have killed her!

And another worst thing is that I go out and spend four hundred and ninety-six dollars in an agony of remorse and I come back and

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

summon her, tear-blotched, from the rest-room and I say: *Miss Prendergast, I owe you a sincere apology for my unpardonable behaviour. The years of our association have been very, very happy. . . . Please accept this small brooch as a measure and a token of my regret.* And she makes me pin the goddam thing on her bosom and she says: *Oh it's lovely, Mr. Ross. It's the loveliest brooch. Why, it's just lovely.*

Enough lovelies to drive a fellow crazy; and love, yes, she loves me more than ever, which is not only because of an emerald-diamond brooch but that same horrible thing which makes ill-treated creatures love their oppressor, and the very worst thing is that she says: *I'll wear it always. . . .*

But you can get another secretary. No, I can't get another secretary. I couldn't endure a change. I'd jump out the window first. I mustn't think of that. And the drop of two points last week: no reason for it except one reason in a stronger market: *I'm not sure about Ross Corporation. People say Ross himself has lost his grip. But he's only forty-one. I always heard he was the brightest guy in the whole American construction business. He may have been, but there are plenty can't take it. He wouldn't be the first.*

"Come in, please, Miss Prendergast."

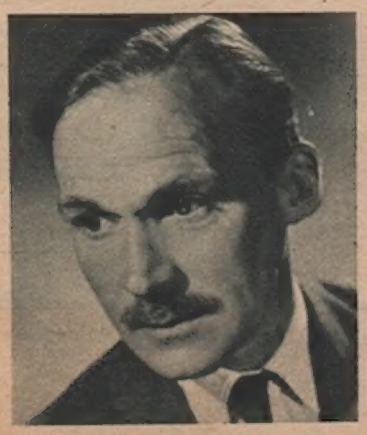
He looked at the rough notes he had made for his speech to the Boston Chamber of Commerce, then he looked at Miss Prendergast waiting in front of him, eyes downcast at her pad, as she had waited countless times in the five years of his presidency, a supremely efficient girl. Quite a nice-looking girl behind those glasses, he thought now. I never noticed before. Just another sign of a lost grip. He noticed that her hands were trembling very slightly. *She's scared of me.* And he was ashamed that the small sadistic corner of him relished that.

Shall I get her to take it, or do it on the dictaphone? Now I can't even make my mind up. Digby strode over to the great window, and stared at New York. I used to love it. Now I hate it. I can't stand it a day longer.

"Miss Prendergast," he said. "I've decided to take three days' rest. Call Jake Doon at the camp and tell him I'm coming. Have the Grumman ready at three. Tell the members of the board. Tell Mrs. Ross, and say I'll be home for lunch. I'll give you a draft for the Boston speech at two o'clock. I shall dictaphone a draft for the Secretary of Labour meantime; let me have it at two, please." This was all much terser than his habit.

"Yes, Mr. Ross." Miss Prendergast's eyes remained downcast. . . .

THE MAN BEHIND DIGBY



DAVID WALKER was thirty-six when he decided to write for a living. "I'd always wanted to," he says, "but I'd never done anything about it."

Born in Scotland, he had been a Regular Army officer in the Black Watch for sixteen years, serving in India and the Sudan. He had been A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Tweedsmuir, just before the war, and Comptroller to Lord Wavell during his term of office as Viceroy of India.

The most frustrating—and the most important—period in David Walker's life was the five years he spent as a p.o.w. in Germany. For, in between brilliantly planned but unsuccessful attempts to escape, he taught himself to write. And his prison-camp experiences inspired his outstanding novel, *The Pillar*, published last year, which has just won Canada's top literary honour, the Governor-General's Award, founded by Lord Tweedsmuir in 1936.

David Walker made his name in 1950 with *Geordie*, a warm-hearted, richly humorous story of boyhood in Scotland. At forty-two, with two first-rate novels behind him, he still describes himself modestly as "a struggling writer"—meaning that there's more perspiration than inspiration in the art of telling a story.

A very hard worker, he finds time to play golf and tennis, likes salmon and dry-fly fishing, ski-ing and bird-watching.

He is able to indulge them all at his home in New Brunswick, where he lives with his Canadian wife and four sons—Giles, Barclay, David and Julian, whose ages range from eighteen months to seven years.

HE let himself into the apartment. He was nervous. "Hallo, there," he said, and kissed his wife's cheek.

"I do think it's selfish not to give me a little warning."

"I know, darling," he said. "I'm sorry. I suddenly realized at noon that I must have a few days' rest. It's this endless racket, and the heat."

"I wish I could decide just like that to go away."

"Why not come with me?"

"I can't possibly come, Digby. Surely you know that! I have the emergency meeting of the Poets' Association tomorrow, and the Artists' Federation on Thursday, and heaven knows what else." She sighed.

"Sorry," he said. "I forgot." But he was not sorry. He used to feel indulgent about the way she filled in her time, but lately it annoyed him. He was devoted to her and he loved her, but it annoyed him.

He could guess what she said to her poets. *It's so sad for business people, losing themselves in Mammon. Now, take my Digby. He used to have a real natural feeling for beauty. He loved poetry—simple poetry, of course. But I can hardly get him to read a word nowadays.*

The contempt for what enabled her to be patroness to these long-haired leeches, that was the thing that made him resentful. That and her condescension to his poor utilitarian brains.

I must stop it, he thought. I really must stop thinking this way about Madeleine. Aloud, he was his courteous, unprovocative self as he ate a hurried lunch, and when she helped him pack his bag. She always loved to do things for him; he was her man, her selfish man. So does Miss Prendergast like doing things for me; only she doesn't demand, complain, complain.

Looking back on it now, his trouble with Miss Prendergast seemed trivial. But his unspoken troubles with Madeleine were not trivial. They were growing and growing after ten childless years of marriage with a wife nine years younger than himself.

Olaf, the houseman, took down his bag.

Madeleine kissed him. "Have a nice time," she said, "and promise not to let that pilot fly in bad weather."

Two evenings later, Digby sat under the white pine. The weather had been fine, with a breeze to keep the flies down; they had taken their limit of trout on both days. Digby should be feeling better. He felt worse. He felt physically well and mentally terrible. He wished he was back in New York. He grunted.

"See here, Dig," said Jake. "You were always a quiet kind of a guy, but as happy as the next man. This year you're different. You're

Digby stared out at New York. He felt he

mopey. You don't even strike a fish like you meant it. Whassamatter, Dig?"

Don't call me Dig. He wanted to shout that over the water. Nobody else ever called him Dig, but only old Jake, who was his employee and his good friend—a plain, sardonic New Brunswicker.

"I don't know, Jake," he said. "Overwork, I guess."

"You workin' any harder than last year, and the year before, and the year before that?"

"Not much."

"Well, it ain't overwork, then. Is it a blonde?"

MADELEINE was a brunette. . . . It was Madeleine. It was all Madeleine's fault.

"No," Digby said sourly.

"It's the groove you're in, if you ask me. It's never doing nothing different."

"Isn't this different?"

"Two days this trip, three the last, up and down in that goddam plane. What good's that to anybody? No sooner here than wantin' to be some other place. Restless as a skunk in

could not stand it a moment longer. "Miss Prendergast," he said, "I'm going to take a rest"

the springtime. There's your trouble, Dig."

"I wish you wouldn't call me Dig."

"Okay, Mr. Ross."

"Don't call me Mr. Ross."

Jake turned and stared at Digby in the gloaming. "Say!" he said. "You sure have got it bad."

"I know, Jake." Of all the people he employed, or had ever employed, Jake alone treated him without deference. Jake gave him the respect of one man for another man.

"For a clever fella . . ." Jake began. But he shrugged. "Being in a rut's fine. A rut keeps a man contented till it gets too deep and he can't see out the damn' thing, and the more he goes back and forward, the deeper it gets. So what the hell? Did you ever take a month's vacation these last five years? Did you ever take more'n a week at a stretch?"

"No, Jake," said Digby. "But it's been a busy period, and I have many responsibilities. After all, I am the head of a great corporation."

Jake spat. Over the water one of the diving birds, a loon, laughed, and the other answered. Jake was certainly, surely, inevitably, going to say something infuriating. He did: "Daddy loon's head of a corporation."

That was going too far. He's my employee, after all, Digby thought angrily. He stood up.

"No offence meant, Dig," said Jake. "You're a fine fella—mebbe the best man I know—and I don't like to see you down in the dumps, no more good to yourself than a chicken's teeth is to a chicken. You'll have to snap out of it some way."

THEY walked along the dark path to the cabin. "Perhaps I could take the whole of August," Digby said, half to himself. "I'll have to do something. But where? What? The fishing's no good then. If we go to Mount Desert, it'll be the same old gang. If we go to the Cape, it'll be worse. And my wife doesn't like driving. . . ."

Jake coughed. "It's none of my damn' business, Mr. Ross," he said at the doorway, with unusual diffidence, even embarrassment. "But whyn't you go alone? Make more of a change like."

"I wouldn't. . . ." Digby began, but stopped himself. "Well, good night, Jake." They parted. It would be unthinkable to go away for that long without Madeleine. Damn' Jake! he thought. Damned interfering fool!

In the old days a drink would relax Digby if he was tired or fed up. Now it forced the core of melancholy deeper. But he took one all the same. He was lonely. He wished he had asked Jake in. He did not like to be alone with that 6.5-mm. rifle. Oh, God, he thought, what can I do?

He looked at the books—*Doughty's Eastern Birds, Mammals Of North America, Upland Game, Some Stalks In The Himalayas, The Art Of The Dry Fly, Tales Of The Jungle, Two Years Before The Mast,* the *Oxford Book Of English Verse,* and so on and so on and so on—those dull books.

I'll take the last one on the middle shelf, he said to himself. Whatever it is.

The last book on the middle shelf was entitled *Highland Days.* He sat down in the big chair in his comfortable cabin beside a Canadian lake. He would have to choose the most boring book of the lot!

He dropped it, picked it up, dropped it finally, unaware that a dull book had planted a lively seed.

Next afternoon they had to fly a hundred miles off course to avoid storms in Maine. Digby did not reach the apartment till seven thirty.

"Anyone home? Are you there, Madeleine?"

"Yes," she called from the drawing-room.

She wore a short evening dress, shoulders bare. It was made of some silvery metallic-looking stuff. He had not thought much about Madeleine, except carpingly, in the days he had been away, but he saw her again with the old jolt of pleasure.

"I'm just going out, Digby," she said. "Miss Prendergast didn't tell me till noon that you were coming back tonight. It's too bad." She turned her mouth away as he bent to kiss her. "Don't muss me up, darling."

A CHEEK was not much of a welcome from your wife leaving right away for some party. Neither of them ever went out alone. Oh, well. "Where are you dining?"

"With the Bartletts. Craig Proctor is coming to fetch me."

"Who's Craig Proctor?" Digby poured himself a drink and sat down on the other end of the sofa.

"Do be careful of the brocade, Digby, in those dirty clothes. Craig Proctor is the author of *Picnic At Golgotha,* the new play everybody's raving about. He's charming."

"I don't think the name of his play is particularly charming."

Madeleine smiled. "Dear Digby," she said. "Did you catch lots of trout? And how was your quaint friend, Jake?"

"Jake was all right," he said. He felt a shiver start in the back of his head and run right down. He wanted to take hold of Madeleine and rip the new Dior dress into shreds with that noise of tearing calico, not that it was calico.

"What have you been doing with yourself, Madeleine?"

"It's been rather lonely without you," she said, looking at the nails of her right hand one by one. "Except that I've been so madly busy I haven't had a moment to think. Digby, you're very whiffy in that bush shirt. I can smell you from here."

Digby placed his long glass carefully down. He stood up, went round the table, put a hand on the outside of each of her bare shoulders and lifted her to her feet. He stared down at her. "So you can smell me," he said.

"Yes, I can." Surprised, perhaps a little scared, annoyed. "What's the matter?"

"This," he said. He clipped her into his arms. She turned her head away. He forced it up with his right hand. He kissed her by

Digby stared at this magnificent creature. Her hair was an unruly mane of auburn, her mouth generous. Her eyes said *Life is love.* In the twinkling of an eye, he was seized by passion

force on the lips. She struggled, then didn't struggle. He let her go abruptly.

"Digby!" she muttered. "Have you gone crazy?"

"You'd better fix your face," he said. "And I shall take a bath to remove my odour. See you later." He took his glass with him. He felt miles and miles better, and very much astonished with himself.

"You'll have to go to the club for dinner," she called after him. "I let Olaf and Helmut go out. Or you could cook yourself an egg."

He stopped. "Why did you let them go out?"

"Why . . . ? Why?" In ten years of married life he had never spoken unkindly to her, far less criticized her management of their household. "Don't they have to have time off? Aren't they people, too? You come back from your silly fishing trip without warning. . . ."

"You had plenty of warning," he interrupted coldly. "You could have made some arrangement. It's your only job, after all." The door bell rang. "There's the little author. You'd better let him in."

Digby stalked through their bedroom, into his dressing-room, into his bathroom and shut the door. The water gushed. . . . Oh God, he thought with horrible clarity, what have I done now? I told her it was her only job. I told Madeleine she was a housewife. Oh, my God! She'll never forgive me for that.

Digby waited up for her. It was nine thirty, ten, ten forty-two, still too early. He tried a magazine—no good. He had worked at the Boston speech—no good. He had prowled out of the library into the drawing-room, quite perfect and quite unlivable in, unsittable in. Back to the library and just one more Bourbon and water to pass the time.

THEN he remembered the book which, by a whim and for something to look at in the plane, he had put, that morning, in his grip. He found the passage in *Highland Days*:

> "It has long been the pre-occupation and ambition of Highland sportsmen to kill a salmon in the river, to shoot a grouse upon the hill, to stalk a stag in the deer forest—to achieve these three several and separate feats within the compass of one day. The laudable aim of every would-be Nimrod is less easy of realization than might at first be supposed. How is one best to try? There's the fascination. Should he begin at the river, continue to the moor, and finish in the high forest? Six ways it can be done. Six are the permutations and combinations of three. . . . But if the hat-trick is comparatively unusual, the double hat-trick is indeed a rare triumph—two salmon, a brace of grouse, two stags."

What kind of pompous language was that? But it was interesting, wasn't it? It would be a strangely fascinating idea to discuss beforehand with the wise old ghillie. *Now Angus, how shall we try today? What is your advice? The stag first? Last.* And off he went. . . .

He came abruptly out of his reverie as the key slicked into the lock. It was eleven thirty-six. The bottle was half empty. Heavens, he hadn't meant to take that much; and no effect whatsoever. He put it in the bar cabinet. He was morose. He was going to make a simple apology to Madeleine. A pause, and then the key turned. It might be Olaf and Helmut.

"When shall we get together again?" Get together, indeed!

"Call me, why don't you, Craig?"

"Good night, Madeleine."

"Good night, Craig."

Digby stepped out of the library. He was wearing the velvet smoking jacket she said made him look so distinguished. "So you got back, darling."

"Yes." No "Digby"; no "darling." She did not look at him. She tidied the papers on the

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Wit and a sergeant-major's voice have won Dr. Soper the best stand on Tower Hill. A thrombosis victim, he's almost a cripple after an hour's oratory

Donald Soper leads the good fight from a soapbox

by WILFRED GREATOREX

Britain's top Methodist is a born talker—a rebel who believes in preaching in the cut-and-thrust of the street orators' arena

NO AUTHENTIC RECORD exists to prove it, but friends of Donald Soper, crusading evangelist of orators' corner, Hyde Park, and Tower Hill, London, believe that he was born talking. For twenty-six years he has been raising his sometimes lone voice in a variety of causes at thousands of weekly open-air meetings lasting an hour and a half each.

Once, the proprietor of a printing works, whose men had been getting back late for the Wednesday afternoon shift, went to Tower Hill to ask the voluble parson to cut down his Wednesday harangue by ten minutes. "Donald literally talked himself out of that," recalls a friend. "The man was so moved by what he had heard that he altered the works timetable, starting the shift at two-fifteen instead of on the hour."

A robust, athletic, opinionated rebel of fifty with the gift of the gab and a flair for showmanship, Soper is used to getting his own way with words. "I don't think he could ever be stuck for something vital to say," says his assistant at the West London Mission, a former minister named Douglas Parsley. "He's usually brimming over with ideas."

Soper exploits his verbal prowess to win audiences against the competition of chain-swallowers, formal revivalists, tipsters, Communists and cranks. He also has to cope with the caprices of atheists, agnostics, political extremists, cynics and deviationist Christians. "Some have been coming for years," Soper says. "I think I have them all sorted out by now."

Not long ago, he was being continually interrupted by a small red-faced man in his crowd. After a while he was urged to give the man a hearing. "All right," said Soper, "what is it?"

"I want to be converted," came the reply.

"Well, what's stopping you?"

"I want to be publicly converted, here."

Soper regarded him for a moment, then said: "Do you really want to be a Christian?"

"Yes."

"Then be one, you fathead."

By such methods and language as this, the Reverend Doctor Donald Oliver Soper, M.A., Ph.D., graduate of Cambridge University and this year's president of the Methodist Conference—a position which makes him Britain's top Methodist—pursues his self-appointed task of saving souls and taking the Church to people who won't go to church. A colourful intellectual with strong hair, thick and greying at the sides, a lean tanned face and a batsman's forearms, Soper usually appears at Tower Hill wearing a silk shirt, slacks and a vivid bow-tie. He wears spectacles with executive horn-rims, has the voice of a sergeant-major and makes his points with the gestures of a prosecuting counsel.

He runs the West London Mission with its nine associated hostels for juvenile delinquents, homeless girls, unmarried mothers, and social misfits—"the biggest single social service entity attached to any church in the country," says Parsley—and preaches regularly on Sundays at Kingsway Hall, London, and during the week, by invitation, in the provinces. He has also founded an evangelical crusade of young people called the Order of Christian Witness. "The doctor preaches a social gospel," says one of Soper's associates. "He believes that the Gospel is controversial."

Soper's recent elevation to the top position in the Methodist Church in Britain was criticized by opponents who say he is too materialistic, introduces too much politics into his ministry

and is intolerant about such matters as gambling.

One day last September, Soper commented publicly on a Methodist choirmaster who won £700 in a football pool and committed suicide after being told to resign. He referred also to a book on the life of J. Arthur Rank, the film magnate, in which Rank was described as a mixture of private piety and gambling zest. "I condemn Rank—if it is true—for his gambling just as much as I condemn that choirmaster."

Soper finds it difficult to keep out of controversy. When Derek Bentley was sentenced to death for the murder of a policeman, Soper sent a telegram to the Home Secretary asking for clemency. He also spoke at a recent London demonstration protesting against the execution of the Rosenbergs, convicted as atom spies, in America. "Whether you agree with him or not," says a prominent Methodist, "you've got to admire the fellow's courage."

From time to time Soper has been accused of making rousing statements to his Wednesday audience of more than a thousand dockers, businessmen, bus drivers, warehousemen, fanatics and sightseers on subjects about which he is not thoroughly informed. "It's his biggest weakness," says a regular at Tower Hill. "But he's never long on a limb. What he doesn't know he subtly picks up from the experts present."

Two years ago, when he arrived in Australia at the invitation of the Methodists, he was asked how he would vote on a referendum as to whether Communism should be banned. His reply prompted Robert Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, to refer in Sydney to "a reverend gentleman who has arrived in the country and in an hour has mastered the Constitution, the statute law of the Commonwealth and a full knowledge of Australian circumstances. He must be a brilliant, if conceited, man to learn that lot in an hour. It has taken me twenty years."

A Socialist and a pacifist, who speaks out against war, poverty, drink, gambling, capitalism, Communism, McCarthyism, slave labour, racial inequality and capital punishment, Soper often gets into trouble for his views. Sometimes the consequences are heavy. At the Methodist conference two years ago he made a speech in which he said he would rather see the world overrun by Communists than plunged into another world war.

"As a result," says one minister, "many of his own supporters turned against him, his congregation at Kingsway Hall fell off, Sir Malcolm Perks, his senior circuit steward, resigned in protest against his political and pacifist declarations, and a wealthy benefactor told him not to ask for any more money for his mission. The doctor said nothing, but he was badly hurt."

Knocked Down In Fight

Even his enemies, however, consider Soper one of the best orators of his day. One hot afternoon during the 1931 slump he was speaking on Tower Hill when a procession of demonstrators arrived. Its leaders told him to get down off the wall. He refused.

"Then," he recalls, "a big fellow, carrying a banner with the word 'Liberty' on it, climbed up and shoved me off." A free-for-all followed. Bruised, his glasses smashed, Soper got back on the wall and offered to take his meeting away if the demonstrators would allow him a quarter of an hour first. "They couldn't do much else," he says now. "I knew more about the game and had a louder voice than any of them."

Violence has cropped up only occasionally since. Soper was knocked off his rostrum in Hyde Park some months ago; and once, during the war, he had to put up with a heckler who, he recalls, "emphasized his more important points by clipping me with a half-developed left hook. It didn't really hurt. I went on talking, and he eventually got fed up and sloped off."

Alongside Soper on Tower Hill today usually sits a line of strong-looking men. "They seem to be a self-appointed bodyguard," he recently confided to a friend. "It's like Wellington and the Portuguese. I don't know what my opponents think of them, but they certainly frighten me."

Spurns Kid Glove Stuff

Soper is ruthless in debate and tough on hecklers. "It would be stupid to use kid glove stuff," he remarks. "Hit 'em as hard as you can—provided it's above the belt." He frequently labels the more persistant hecklers as fools and mountebanks. "My friend," he told an interrupter recently, "if I may say so in all humility, you have a cesspool of a mind." To another, who was questioning his call for better world leaders, he said: "In all affection I say you are an undiluted humbug."

Newcomers often take him up on the way he treats his listeners. "Nothing succeeds with the crowd like rudeness," says Soper. "It holds them." In public, however, he puts up a defence of his methods. Challenged recently by a critic who said he spent too much time blackguarding his fellow men, Soper asked him to cite an instance of when this had happened. "You can't. I thought so. Next time it happens put up your hand."

Later, warming to a new topic—he tackles as many as thirty subjects in one session—Soper exclaimed, "For the benefit of you clodhoppers——" The critic's hands went up. Soper looked astonished. "Blackguarding?" he said incredulously. "Clodhoppers? It's merely a clinical observation, my friend."

In Soper's estimation, one heckler is worth a dozen assenters. He usually gets the better of his encounters, but now and again is tricked by an innocent-sounding question. An amiable man once asked naïvely whether God controlled the elements. When Soper said this was so, the questioner's eyes lit up as he replied: "Then why put lightning conductors on churches?"

There was also the time when one of Soper's "regulars" started giving details of what happened in America under Prohibition. Soper asked him pointedly if he had been to America and when he admitted he had not, the parson told him not to talk about something he knew nothing about. From the back of the crowd came another voice: "Have you been to Heaven, Soapie?"

Soper astonishes his audiences with his general knowledge and grasp of world affairs. He makes it a rule to accept any question and ranges over theology, politics, science, philosophy, psychology and even sport. "You have to be careful with your facts," he says. "There's always someone down there who knows."

Once Soper was discussing the Monroe Doctrine, the American Presidential declaration on nations' freedom from outside interference in government, when a white-haired man began to interrupt. "I promptly put him in his place," Soper recalls. "It turned out he was a judge of the U.S. Supreme Court. He was very kind. He didn't expose me."

Brain Works Too Fast

When Soper is really warmed-up, he sometimes comes out with sparks of wit and wisdom. "The sincerest test of morality," he said recently, "is when you can keep a sin secret and still refuse to commit it." To coax him to preserve some of his sayings—he forgets them once they are spoken, and is not a good writer—some of his Kingsway Hall members gave him a tape recorder.

"His brain works too fast for him to get his own thoughts down on paper," says Sheila Townsend, an ex-teacher who offered to help Soper after hearing him speak, and who is now warden at one of his hostels. "I always take a notebook to Tower Hill and get down what I can."

Another helper is George Ferrett, a middle-aged accountant from Ealing who "stage-manages" the meetings. He waits for Soper to arrive at Tower Hill and slips away just before the end to call a taxi. Often, he helps Soper into it; the minister has thrombosis in his left leg and, according to a close friend, "is almost a cripple when he gets down after ninety minutes on his feet."

On the way back to Kingsway Hall, Ferrett always produces a bottle of orange juice and glucose—wrapped in lettuce leaves in hot weather—which he mixes himself at home. "Usually," says Ferrett, "the doctor is exhausted when he finishes speaking. He puts a lot into it."

Undaunted By The Weather

As he speaks in all weathers, Soper is proud of the fact that he has been rained-off only five times in twenty-six years. After some winter meetings he has been unable to walk because of frozen feet. On wet days, he addresses the crowd with a raincoat slung over his head, and in summer his shirt is often soaked with sweat.

His only occupational ailment to date has been an attack of laryngitis, though his wife, Marie, a tall, dark-haired humorist who takes a serious view of her husband's all-weather policy, often tries to get him to reduce his open-air work for his health's sake. "It is too much for him," she says firmly. Soper, however, regards it as vital to keep weekly shop-windows for Christianity in Hyde Park and on the Hill. "People have got to be sure you'll be there," he says. "Regularity is most important. People won't go to church, so when one *can* reach them it would be wrong to let the chance slip."

In an effort to stimulate church-going, Soper not long ago shortened his sermons at Kingsway Hall, cut out the collection and installed tip-up seats. "Even then," he says, "It made no

One heckler's worth a dozen assenters to Soper. But he treats them rough in debate. "Hit 'em hard," he says, "provided it's above the belt"

Soper in his Hampstead Garden Suburb home with his wife and three of his four daughters: Caroline, aged seven, Bridget, nineteen, and ten-year-old Judith. Restless in the pulpit, Soper is equally fidgety at home. "He never sits down more than five minutes at a time," says his wife, Marie

difference." In fact, he draws one of the biggest Sunday congregations in Britain. It has lately been growing, and Kingsway Hall, which holds two thousand people, is usually three parts full. Mostly, Soper's sermons deal with bread-and-butter topics. In delivery, he moves restlessly about the pulpit: he is an established religious broadcaster but dislikes the discipline of standing still in front of a microphone.

"During a hymn," says Douglas Parsley, "you can hear his voice above the rest. Sometimes, it breaks off suddenly. He has come to a line he doesn't agree with."

Soper's strong individuality constantly shows up. Once, he played a tin whistle at a big evangelical rally in Derby and, on another occasion, sang "I'm Dancing With Tears In My Eyes" to prove to a questioner that church people could sing other tunes besides hymns. Not long ago, when he had just finished reading the notices at a Guild meeting at Kingsway Hall, he added: "England—119 for one. Now shall we sing a hymn?"

Sporting similes are constantly cropping up in Soper's speeches. For some years he was a capable all-round sportsman, and did well as a middleweight boxer. Fighting his brother one night, he "suddenly became aware that more had crept into it than just fun." He took off his gloves and has never put them on since. He is still, however, a useful tennis player, although handicapped by his troublesome leg.

Born in London on January 31, 1903, Soper was an energetic and noisy boy. He had a bell-like treble, he says, which helped him in singing competitions and as a sergeant-major in his school cadet corps. At fourteen he was a bayonet instructor: a few weeks ago he astonished a heckler, who had challenged his pacifism, by talking expertly of the butt-stroke. One day, his mother asked him at breakfast what he would like to be. His father, Ernest Soper, an average-adjuster in insurance, replied for him: "A minister, of course." This was in line with Soper's youthful ambition to do a job in which he could use his voice.

From Askes School, Hatcham, he went to St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, where he took his M.A.—"he was a brilliant student," says a colleague of those days, "and also ran a concert party called The Midnight Howlers"—and then to the London School of Economics, where he became a Doctor of Philosophy. He was a local preacher at Cambridge and was later made pastor of Oakley Place Chapel in London's Old Kent Road. It was there, one morning, that he was approached by an earnest young man who was concerned because nobody was putting the Methodist case on Tower Hill. He asked Soper to try. "I went," Soper recalls, "and got an audience by clapping my hands and getting another fellow to clap his."

The Joke Was On Him

Today, he is the loudest and most listened-to orator on the Hill. By an unwritten law, the man who can command the biggest crowd takes the best position—on the four-foot high wall.

Occasionally a rival tries to steal the audience. An ageing man with a drooping moustache, a tight-fitting jacket and an old trilby now and then sets up in uninvited co-partnership, holding a banner proclaiming a religious text. He appeared shortly after the Coronation. "Did you see him in the procession?" Soper jested to the crowd. The rival propagandist protested that he, too, was a Methodist.

"There you are, Soapie," yelled a man in the Tower Hill crowd. "See what you've done!"

Soper, who nervously clasps and unclasps his hands behind his back all the time he is speaking, nevertheless enjoys the cut-and-thrust of "Hill" life. He can be as facetious as his hecklers. To one who asked what shape his soul was, he replied: "Oblong."

When debate reaches a personal level he often tells people not to be inquisitive about his private affairs. "How do *you* sin?" someone asked him a few weeks ago. "Mind your own business," came the reply.

Soper lives in a pleasant, seven-roomed, pseudo-Tudor house in Hampstead Garden Suburb with his wife and three of his four daughters, Bridget, aged nineteen, Judith, ten, and Caroline, seven. Ann, the eldest at twenty-two, is married. At home, Soper relaxes by watching television, likes going to the cinema, playing tennis and entertaining friends. Even in the house, he is fidgety and restless. Just before he came back from his Australian trip, his mission people decided to give him an easy chair as a present to celebrate his return. They asked his wife for her advice. "He never sits down for more than five minutes at a time," she said. They bought him a watch instead.

Public speaking, Soper admits, has its hazards. During his Hyde Park talk some months ago he was knocked off his platform and fell on his face. "I got up quickly—a thing I've learned to do—because the crowd gets curious and closes in fast and there's a danger of being trampled in the crush."

Next morning two men appeared before Paul Bennett, V.C., the Marlborough Street magistrate, and were fined twenty shillings each for using insulting behaviour. Soper was in court—hoping to plead for leniency. THE END

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Holiday vigil of the cliff-top rescuers

by RONALD W. CLARK

The amateur climbers challenge the cliffs—and fail. So it's up to Gerald Plant and his colleagues to haul them to the top

ONE SUMMER AFTERNOON, Gerald Plant, volunteer-in-charge of the Coast Life Saving Corps at Lulworth Cove, the Dorset beauty spot, received a message that two small children were in great danger halfway up the two-hundred-foot cliffs of nearby Stair Hole.

"I raced up to the cliff-top with the rescue kit," says Plant, slim, six foot and thirty-four, who lives in a small cottage a hundred yards from the sea at Lulworth. "All I could see was a little arm sticking out of a narrow gully." Coastguards, who with Plant form the local rescue team, helped him to drive a five-foot-six metal stake into the ground, and then lowered him over the cliff-top on a rope.

"When I got down the cliff-face," says Plant, "I found that there were two little boys, brothers of about six and seven years old, jammed in the gully one above the other." He fastened them securely to the spare rope which had been lowered down the cliff with him, gave the signal to haul up, and helped to guide them up the nearly vertical cliff-face.

"I wondered how far and how long they had been roaming about on their own, and asked them where their parents were. One of them pointed to a car park a hundred yards away and said: 'Sitting over there in that car.'"

Summer Brings A Problem

The problem of what Plant calls "the kids who go climbing" grows during the summer months into a major problem for the six thousand part-time volunteers and the 550 coastguards who make up the Coast Life Saving Corps. They rescue from the sea cliffs an average of three people every fortnight of the year. The other main trouble-makers are seashore wanderers who, cut off by the tide, try to climb to safety, stray dogs and over-confident residents.

Plant—known as "Trapper" to his friends from his former job as gamekeeper—is an Evesham man, who after six wartime years in the Royal Tank Regiment ended up as a civilian fitter at Bovington Camp, near Lulworth, headquarters of the Royal Armoured Corps. Initiative brought him a driving job and, eventually, his own taxicab business. His steady income from driving taxis is only slightly augmented by the rewards he gets for rescues, but, he says, "It's useful, and it's an ideal part-time job. For one thing, it fits in with my hobby of nature study—people, incidentally, look like sitting rabbits when they get stranded."

He has taken part in fifty rescues during the past four years. "I was coming back across the cliffs one evening," he says, "when I saw a man in a dangerous position halfway up the cliffs. He seemed to be carving into the rock with a penknife. A woman on the cliff-top, looking on unconcernedly, said she thought he was carving his name. In fact he was too frightened to shout for help, and was trying to cut handholds. Luckily, he was able to hold on until I came back with the rescue kit."

Girl Hung Over Precipice

The luckiest escape of all on the Dorset cliffs was that of the young girl who fell over a near-vertical three-hundred-foot drop. Her companion quickly brought help to the place where she had disappeared. "We found her twelve feet down," recalls one coastguard, "hanging on to a small piece of sea-kale. It was so insecure that, when she was pulled up on the rope, she brought it with her. She ought to have framed it."

Like all the other volunteers and the coastguards, Plant works under the direction of the chief inspector of coastguards, who controls the

Slowly, Gerald Plant helps a girl to scramble up the last few yards of cliff. Between the ropes at the top, Coastguard Wallace watches operations

Wearing his Red Cross badge, Plant demonstrates first aid with the help of another member of the life saving corps. Their advice to holidaymakers is: "Don't climb up where you can't get down"

Coast Life Saving Corps from Ministry of Transport headquarters in London. Under him, Britain's coast is split into eight divisions, each of these being sub-divided into five or six districts. Each district, in turn, has a dozen or more individual stations, some being manned round the clock, some only at night; others are auxiliary or occasional look-outs.

A "First Informant's Fee" of from 4s. to 10s. is given to the person bringing first news of anyone in difficulties on the cliffs. Men like Plant, called out for a rescue, get from 10s. to 30s. for each rescue, depending on the duration and danger of the job.

Apart from Lulworth and the other Dorset cliffs, the blackest spots are the Yorkshire cliffs, the coasts of Devon and Cornwall, and the Isle of Wight, where five boys from a visiting London youth club were once all spreadeagled on the cliffs at the same time.

Familiarity with ropes and heights brings the cliff rescuers a variety of jobs. In Cornwall they were recently called on to save a three-year-old boy who had slipped forty feet down a disused mine shaft and was lodged precariously above an eight-hundred-foot sheer drop.

Dog Was Saved In A Bag

On the Northumberland cliffs a coastguard spent an hour and a half on crumbling holds trying to rescue a sheep which finally clawed its way down on to the beach and retreated into a cave. Before the life-saver could get the animal tied on to a line he had to take off his boots and socks and wade into the cave.

On the South Devon cliffs near Beer, a week's search finally found a spaniel at the bottom of a four-hundred-foot cliff. It was retrieved from its almost inaccessible position by being passed from hand to hand by three coastguards and put in a canvas bag, in which it was hauled to safety. When a pet dog burrowed into the cliff near Durdle Door, Plant lowered himself to reach it. "Its owner, at the top of the rope, insisted that I coaxed it out by its pet name of 'Diddy-diddy-diddy,' or something like that," he recalls. "I just couldn't stomach it, so I dug the animal out with my hands."

Rescue kit includes rope, rocket-firing equipment (sometimes used to direct the ropes slantwise across the cliff face) and the heavy metal stakes around which the rescue ropes are belayed. Behind each section of the coast at least one lorry is held in readiness, twenty-four hours a day, to move the kit as quickly as possible.

"But roads rarely go along cliff-tops," says Plant, "which means that the heavy kit has to be man-handled. Here we are lucky, because the army turns out to help when necessary. We've had tanks to carry the heavy stuff up to the cliff-top on a really bad night, as well as searchlights to illuminate the cliff-face."

Descent May Be Difficult

The first job in a cliff rescue is to locate the missing person. "Where the slope is sheer," says Plant, "it's often difficult to see anyone on the cliffs below. When the person is located, the man in charge has to decide where he will go over the top. If he comes down from immediately above the man to be rescued, he may dislodge rock or earth that will cause trouble. At other places he may swing free from the cliff-face and be unable to control his movements."

When the best spot has been chosen, one or more metal stakes are hammered into the ground. The rescuer ties to his body a long length of rope which is taken a number of turns round the stake to act as a brake. When he is lowered, a spare rope helps to prevent spinning round in mid-air and can later be used for hauling up the person who is being rescued.

The R.A.F. and army camps near Lulworth continually provide victims to be rescued, although ten days' confined to barracks is the automatic punishment. "For one soldier, we had to get out all the kit and tackle to winkle him off Bindon Hill, where he was stuck two hundred feet up," recalls Plant. "His commanding officer was there by the time we managed to get him to the cliff-top, and told him in plain terms what would happen to him. Later, we heard the sequel. He did his ten days C.B., but on the very next day he slipped down to the coast again and started up the cliff in the dark, just to prove he could do it. Fortunately for everyone, he managed it the second time."

Plant, typical of the volunteers-in-charge, and ready to drop work at a moment's notice to go to the rescue, has a professional counterpart in Coastguard Percival Frank Wallace, a short, cheery-looking man who for fourteen years has helped to man the coastguard station on nearby St. Alban's Head.

"My most nerve-wracking experience was during the war when a badly shot-up airman was reported to be somewhere at the foot of the cliffs," says Wallace. "I had to go down at night, on one rope, and by the time I got four hundred feet down I was dizzy with spinning.

"I found the man with the help of the searcher lamp strapped to my waist, untied my rope, tied him securely on to it, and gave the way men on top the whistle-signal to haul in. After a few minutes they seemed to be having difficulty in getting him past the last piece of cliff which overhung slightly. Then there was a shout and something heavy flashed past me into the sea. I hardly dared turn my light on it. It was a mass of rock dislodged at the overhang: the men above had shouted to warn me that it was coming down."

Searched Cliffs In Vain

The most complicated and difficult rescue along this part of the coast was that of a girl and her dog from the nearby Chapman's Pool area. She was reported missing late one summer evening, and from midnight until dawn Wallace and another coastguard, a dozen policemen, and some of the girl's relatives, vainly searched the cliffs, Wallace going over the top when necessary.

"I then went out in a motor-boat to scan the cliffs from the sea," says Wallace. "I saw the dog crouching on a ledge, but the cliffs were too rough to get the boat in. So I returned to land and was lowered 250 feet down the cliff. When I got there the dog had gone."

The motor-boat was still off-shore, so Wallace decided to search along the foot of the cliffs on foot. At last the men in the boat saw the girl, and Wallace swam out to them and then to the shore again with a 350-foot line. The girl was sitting in a miniature cave a few feet above sea-level, but halfway to the shore the line fouled an obstruction and Wallace had to swim back to the boat and start again.

"Eventually, I got close in to her, threw the line, persuaded her to tie on, and told her that I would help her to swim back to the boat. 'Sorry,' she shouted, 'but I can't swim.' I had to swim to the boat on my back with her lying on my chest.

"I had been badly tossed about by the sea and had a great open gash on my head, so they packed me off to hospital. Someone else had to go back for the dog."

Plant and Wallace advise holidaymakers, "Don't let children play about on the cliffs unless you can keep an eye on them. Don't scramble up into any place from which you cannot climb down with ease. If you get caught by the tide, don't try to get home by way of the cliffs, even if it does mean being late for dinner—or even spending a night out. If you go for help for someone caught on the cliffs, mark the spot above them clearly."

Taught Him His Lesson

Some people will not listen to advice, however, and Plant recalls one local lad with a wry smile. "He got stuck in a particularly difficult place. It wasn't easy working my way along a knife-edge of rock, clambering down to him and then having him hauled up. But he got stuck in just the same place a week later.

"This time we lowered him *down*, into the water, and he had to come back that way, thoroughly soaked. He didn't get caught a third time."

THE END

Smiling, the Rev. Roger Hargreaves held out his arms for the baby. "What's his name?" he asked. The girl's reply disturbed him deeply

IN THE WET

by NEVIL SHUTE

The fantastic vision of 1983 faded away. Dazed and shaking, the bush parson stared out at the flooded country, a thousand questions beating on his mind

OUT IN THE BUSH, amid the floods of Northern Queensland's wet season, the Rev. Roger Hargreaves sat by the deathbed of an old man called Stevie. Stevie had smoked opium to relieve his pain, and was delirious. Hargreaves, feverish with malaria himself, heard a fantastic story. Stevie seemed to think he was someone else: David Anderson, a young Australian—of the future. . . .

It was the year 1983. David Anderson, known as "Nigger," was a pilot of the Queen's Flight in England. He had got the job at a bitter moment in the British Empire's history, for the government in power was making things almost impossible for the Monarchy.

Now the crisis had come to a head. A governor-general had been appointed to take over in Britain. The Queen and her Consort were flying to Australia.

It was a great shock to David, who was piloting their plane. His one consolation was that Rosemary Long, the girl he loved, was coming, too, as one of the Queen's staff.

But there was a much worse shock to come. David had been warned against sabotage, had taken every possible precaution; but instinct kept nagging at him—something was wrong.

High above the Mediterranean, he discovered what it was—a time bomb hidden in the luggage. Desperately, he and his crew tried to jettison it into the sea. . . .

FINAL INSTALMENT

The Bomb

A GREAT rush of air came upwards through the inspection aperture in the floor of the forward hold once the plate was removed. It beat about them, as solid as a wall, in the narrow space. David was forced backwards still holding the metal case desperately horizontal. In the roar of the entering air, he signed to Cummings to put the cover back.

The engineer laid the plate beside the hole and slid it forward with the weight of his body on it. Half-sitting and half-lying on the plate with Frank Cox helping him, he got half a dozen of the studs back into place. The bay seemed strangely quiet after that blast of air.

The group captain said: "We'll never get it out through that, Nigger. It wouldn't fall."

The pilot knelt in thought. "I wonder where the hell that air was going to?" he said. And then it came to him that after decompressing perhaps Ryder had opened the cockpit window at his side, because air coming into the machine must be going out somewhere. He mentioned this to Cox, and then he said: "If I shut this hatch above us, and see everything battened down, and stall her—could you get it out

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ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY SEABRIGHT

Clarkson Rose rules seaside laughter with a firm hand

by JOHN HARMAN

To audiences, his shows are part of summer leisure, like deck chairs or ice-cream. Backstage, they're a tough training school

Clarkson Rose and his wife try out some new costumes on the girls of his holiday revue.

THE FOURTEEN-STONE "FATHER" of British holiday entertainment, Clarkson Rose, is famous for his elaborate female impersonations. With a certain obstinacy, when broadcasting he insists on wearing his full regalia—tall blonde wig, long diamond ear-rings, a diamond choker necklace, a rope of pearls the size of table-tennis balls, and a long clinging gown of shimmering blue sequins.

George Inns, the B.B.C. producer, recalls: "I booked him for *Henry Hall's Guest Night*, which I proposed to record at Blackpool's Jubilee Hall on a Sunday. When he announced that he intended to do his act in costume, the Watch Committee pointed out that Sunday appearances in costume are against the law.

"The police intervened, but Rose remained emphatic that either he wore his stage clothes or he didn't take part in the programme. The B.B.C. lawyers decided that he wouldn't be breaking the law because the recording counted as a private performance, and Rose went triumphantly to the microphone in full bloom."

"Clarkie," as he is known in his profession, is equally firm with the handling of his holiday revue, *Twinkle*. In contrast to his behaviour in front of an audience, when he is always smooth and easy-going, he dominates his twenty-strong company off-stage with the authority of a self-made man. Noël Coward is among the few who have answered him back. When, as a young actor at the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, Coward departed from the script, Rose warned: "Please don't forget that I'm in charge here."

"Of course I shan't," retorted Coward, "but what a pity that *you* can't forget it sometimes!"

Like A Benevolent Tiger

A theatre hand who has watched many of Rose's rehearsals says: "He prowls around like a benevolent tiger, bristling with detailed instructions on how he wants lines to be spoken and scenery to be arranged. He is insistent that *Twinkle* is summer entertainment, and must be played for laughs."

Spas and seaside towns regard *Twinkle* as a part of holiday leisure in the same way as deck-chairs and ice-cream. Theatre people, on the other hand, consider it a tough but efficient training college in which to learn concert-party technique. According to Robert Layton, an agent specializing in seaside productions, "Rose runs the Sandhurst of summer show business. Of the 1,800 compères, comedians, vocalists and similar players entertaining holiday crowds this year, about four hundred were schooled by him. He gives an artist a unique grounding, from comedy sketches to song-and-dance numbers. And managements know that, above all, *Twinkle* teaches discipline."

His company always address him as "Mister Rose"; they have to be in their dressing-rooms forty minutes before the curtain rises; and one of the six "Rosebud" chorus girls who wore stage make-up in the street was recently given a sharp lecture on theatrical etiquette.

Rose admits: "No doubt I'm harsh, but it should be remembered that discipline in seaside shows used to be stricter than mine. Back in the early years of the century when I started, there was a clause in contracts prohibiting a male member of a concert party from walking in public arm-in-arm with a woman, even his wife. This was so that they should stay unattached in the eyes of women in the audience. Hours were harder, too. I used to put on make-up at 8 a.m. and entertain hotel guests with fifteen-minute shows outside their breakfast rooms."

Hundred Acts A Season

Teamwork is essential in a show the size of *Twinkle*, says Rose. "I have five changes of programme every season, and that means organizing five separate revues, each with twenty items. Every summer we travel about 1,500 miles. This year we are visiting Cambridge, Llandudno, Cheltenham, Bath, Torquay, Eastbourne, Hastings, Brighton, Cardiff, Exeter and the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon."

He prepares *Twinkle* for tour with bustling efficiency. Throughout the winter, between pantomime and music hall engagements, he plans the itinerary, books artists, commissions material, reserves railway coaches, and makes a selection from three warehouses in Eastbourne, where £40,000 worth of costumes, scenery and props are kept. He gives a dozen auditions a week and admits a susceptibility to feminine charm. He regrets, though, that in 1936 he turned down Pat Kirkwood—three months before she made her name in London.

The stage manager at a South Coast theatre on *Twinkle's* itinerary says: "Its arrival is the event of the year. Unloading is carried out with military precision. Rose brings a forty-five-foot motor van loaded with scenery, a thirty-two-foot van containing twenty or more baskets of props, and a railway truck pantechnicon equipped to hang four hundred costumes. He takes unbelievable care of his costumes. *Twinkle* is the best-dressed show of its kind."

Cynthia Rawson, for three years a soprano in Rose's company, adds: "During one matinée, I accidentally marked a frock with greasepaint. Within an hour it had been whipped away to the cleaners. Dressing-rooms have cardboard boxes for hats, paper bags for shoes and gloves, and special hangers for dresses. The unwritten law is 'Never sit down in a *Twinkle* gown.'"

Rose's chief lieutenant is his wife, Olive Fox, who is also *Twinkle's* comedienne and his pantomime's principal boy. His personal staff comprises Ada, a housekeeper who also acts as *Twinkle's* caretaker, Joan Biglin, his secretary, and Freeman, his dresser ("the perfect Man Friday"). The fourth member of the household is Jo-ey, a six-year-old Pekingese of immense dignity who barks the audience out every night after "God Save the Queen."

Shrewd Eye For Profits

To handle the general management of *Twinkle*, Rose has formed himself into a £1,000 company, Clarkson Rose Productions, Ltd. He says he is hopeless at figures and employs a firm of accountants to deal with them, but he is nevertheless a realist in matters of profit and loss. A society woman came across his shrewdness when she asked him to give the entire proceeds of a gala performance to charity. "I reminded her that I had artists' fees, the hire of the hall and other expenses to pay, but added: 'If you can persuade your garage to give a set of tyres, and your wine merchant to give a case of sherry, I will hand over the money gladly.' She left in a huff."

At the prim Victorian villa in Dudley where he was born on December 8, 1890, and given the Christian names of Arthur Carl, his peak of excitement was doing a party piece at his mother's genteel At Homes. The series ended abruptly when he horrified some maiden aunts

He takes almost unbelievable care to make his the best-dressed show of its kind. The unwritten law is "Never sit down in a *Twinkle* gown"

Typical Rose get-up for a female impersonation. Even for broadcasting he insists on full regalia—which once made the police try to stop his act

by adding a saucy limerick. "I resolved to become an actor the day I was given a cardboard theatre," he recalls. "My father, who was an engineer, refused to hear of the idea. All the same, I spent my pocket money on theatrical newspapers, and after my two brothers and I had been put to bed at night, I used to slide down the drainpipe outside the bedroom window and run to the music hall."

He was sent to stay with a vicar friend of the family for several months, and helped towards his keep by taking part in church services. He made good use of this choirboy training early in his professional career. Charles Denton, a famous theatrical agent, offered to audition him for the part of Prince Abdullah in the pantomime *Sinbad The Sailor*, but could not spare him the time to fetch any music. Determined to be heard, young Rose suggested: "If you like, I'll sing a hymn." Denton agreed, and Rose walked up and down, smiling and raising his hat in the best light comedy tradition, singing "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow." He got the part.

In his twenties, Rose had many failures. Producers strongly advised him to forget about the stage and learn another trade. At the Lyric Music Hall, Liverpool, he was pelted with rotten fish. Shortly after the first World War, tramping the Strand penniless, he opened a car door for Lady Asquith and was grateful for her half-crown tip. But a few years later he was stopping the programme nightly at the Alhambra, Leicester Square, and Sir Oswald Stoll, the music hall magnate, had given his photograph a place of honour alongside those of Marie Lloyd and Will Fyffe.

Twinkle began—and nearly ended—its run in 1921. "In that year," he says, "I took the Pavilion on Ryde Pier, Isle of Wight, bought a basket of pierrot costumes and launched myself as an actor-manager. Ambitiously, I advertised the show as '*Twinkle*: A Sparkling Revue.' On the grand opening night I took only £16. Business got even worse. After a few weeks my savings were down to eighteen shillings. I revised the entire programme, wrote new songs and introduced topical gags. Then the tide turned. At the farewell performance the doors of the Pavilion were opened wide and the audience sat on beer barrels and improvised seats, right out into the pier tramway station."

Writes The Stars' Lyrics

Rose is a quick, prolific writer of comic songs. In addition to supplying the material for *Twinkle*, he has sold lyrics to other stars, including Jimmy Jewel and Ben Warris, Leslie Henson and Elsie and Doris Waters.

But his sentimental lines are not always appreciated. At Dublin's Gaiety Theatre he was singing his "Dear Old Dirty Dublin" when a man in the stalls jumped from his seat and ran down to the orchestra pit, brandishing a revolver. Pointing the weapon at Rose, he shouted: "How dare you call Dublin dirty, you Saxon!" The man struggled violently with attendants who tried to remove him, and the audience ducked for cover. Rose stared straight at the gallery and continued singing. Later he admitted: "I couldn't move. I was petrified."

The huskiness in his voice is a legacy of an illness in 1936 which threatened to cut short his career. His wife recalls: "His voice suddenly disappeared completely. We tried doctors and specialists, gargles and throat sprays, but there was no improvement. Clarkie went frantic. At last in desperation he telephoned a Christian Science practitioner named Sanderson to ask for advice. Mr. Sanderson visited the dressing-room, but annoyed Clarkie by talking only about the show and slowly munching some sugar buns which he carried in a paper bag. When he had finished his fifth bun, he left, saying that he was anxious to see the performance from the front. Clarkie was in deeper despair than ever. Yet when he made his entrance and saw Mr. Sanderson beaming at him from the stalls, his voice suddenly returned to normal. Mr. Sanderson came backstage afterwards and made a single comment. 'I think I left a bun behind,' he said."

Rose's income from *Twinkle*, music hall tours, pantomime and song royalties—which friends estimate at times reaches £150 a week—enables him to indulge his taste for the good things in life. He has an elegantly furnished flat in one of the most exclusive roads in Eastbourne, and owns a Silver Wraith Rolls-Royce ("I bought it by instalments"). He is fond of good food, and does the shopping himself to ensure that the larder is stocked to his satisfaction.

He has chosen Eastbourne as his headquarters because, despite his bluff manner and zest for living each day to the full, he is a sentimentalist at heart. He says that he admires the town's mellow dignity. Also the inhabitants give him ideas for female impersonations.

Sometimes his humour is taken too seriously. After appearing on the stage as a bouncing battle-axe of a woman with a pince-nez, tweed costume and shooting stick, he was stopped along the seafront by a Mrs. M. who, with a winning smile whispered that she had instantly recognized his caricature of Mrs. W. The next day Mrs. W. told him confidentially that she had thoroughly enjoyed his skit on Mrs. M.

Rose meets them both frequently, and the glance which he exchanges with them is a knowing twinkle.

THE END

A LION AMONG THE PEOPLE

by ***JACK COPE***

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

It was the greatest moment of his life. He had to do something big, something prodigious—something no one had ever done before

Cheerful, brightly dressed, they swept in, hundreds upon hundreds

THE COLLEGE SECRETARY, the Reverend Charles Gumede, stood at the door of the principal's office, smiling pleasantly; his teeth brilliantly white and his eyes twinkling behind glasses. "More people to see you, Chief, many more."

The principal stood up, breathing in his thick, heavy way, and glanced at his watch. He was a big man, tall and long in the arm, and with the shoulders of a lion. "I'll come out, Charles," he said. "I think I should stay out."

"Yes, Chief. They are coming fast now. There's going to be a big crowd, very big. A great day." He spoke smoothly, rolling his words, but he was inwardly excited.

"I'll wear my gown, I think."

The secretary helped his chief on with his academic robe and the two Zulus stood back, glancing at each other. In the big man's eyes was an affectionate glow; they were large, rather protruding eyes that enveloped all about him with a generous, dignified sweep.

"I ate too much lunch," the principal said, buttoning his frock coat and smoothing down the wrinkles. "Go on ahead, Charles, I'll follow." They came out on the veranda and the principal rested his hands on the railing.

A sing-song of greeting voices rose up and tingled in his ears. He smiled and waved. The newcomers were women. Christians, in simple chaste cotton dresses down to the ankles. Their feet were bare and their heads were covered with black and red cloths or knitted caps.

"It's going to be a big day indeed. I won't guess how many people are coming," Rev. Gumede repeated.

The principal lowered his eyes. His heart was beating in exultation, only he would not like to show pride to Charles, the clever, unassuming Charles.

"The Europeans will be here before long," Gumede continued, looking involuntarily into the distance where the road wound up the valley towards St. Cyprian's Mission College.

"No, Charles—give them another hour and more. Miss Poynton will be here at three, and she's always first."

The veranda of the office looked across a

The chanting voices rose higher and higher, beckoning him. Dr. Njilo could stand it no longer. Leaping from the platform, he began to dance

square of low roofs, and beyond them other buildings of the Native College could be seen scattered among the wind-swept gum trees, one- and two-storey blocks in plain stone masonry topped with corrugated iron. Beyond the campus again stretched rolling hills of sugar-cane plantations.

The college principal, the Rev. Dr. Luke Njilo, descended the steps to the broad red-earth square. Along the left side was a row of huge old mango trees. It was a tropical day of broiling sunshine and limp, hot air. The dust lay still and the flags round the platform were motionless.

The mango trees had their feet in circles of deep shadow. By the time the ceremony was due to begin the platform would be mostly shaded.

Dr. Njilo went among the people, moving his big body with an ease that was solemn but at the same time youthful. The women fixed on him coy, bashful looks and smiled. He was a great man but distant from them. That day he was to be honoured by the white race. An honorary degree, a Doctorate of Philosophy—these were strange terms to them. Yet they knew no other man of the Zulu nation had ever before arrived where he had.

DR. NJILO had a few words for all he greeted. He put into his own language an unusual preciseness, a stiffness of the printed letter and book as though he had a proprietory right but no pride in it. He turned to his secretary a few times with a remark in English. The women had brought beer in earthenware pots and large gourds covered with a few willow leaves. He could not refuse the customary offering. During the morning he had drunk a good deal and the midday meal had revived his thirst.

At first he took the beer-pots from the Rev. Gumede's hands, drank a few gulps, standing, and then wiped his mouth with his handkerchief. There was little to indicate his pleasure or approval. Perhaps his eyes lit up if he came on a fine brew, but he silenced his belches in the European manner and merely nodded as if he were making a severe concession in accepting at all.

In the shade of the mango trees an old wrinkled woman, more pagan than Christian, remarked in a cracked voice, "Teacher, if you stand, the beer has far to travel—it will make a waterfall." The people turned their faces away to hide their smiles, but Dr. Njilo burst into a hearty laugh which all joined.

"A waterfall—is that where the Amonsimtoti River started?" He had a resonant, bell-like voice.

Sitting on his haunches, he took a good pull at the old woman's beer-pot and handed it back with a compliment. He was speaking more easily; his quips flew and now there was a ripple of amusement where the solid dark figure moved, clothed in academic robes. The sun flickered between the leaves in patches on his crisp black hair, neatly parted. He was sweating freely in the all-pervading heat and breathed like a strong-chested horse in the traces. His protruding eyes rolled amiably and a healthy pink tongue showed when he threw back his head to laugh.

At one place six elders were waiting for him, all grey-headed men. Some were in European clothes, others in the skins and sandals of tribal dress; one man, creased and dim-eyed with age, had on the polished head-ring of the old royal warriors. Dr. Njilo did not know them—perhaps grandfathers or great-uncles of students. There was a short, awkward pause. They regarded him with the cool, impassive bearing of men who are perfectly assured of their own place. The head of the eldest nodded continually and spittle dribbled over his beard. The others looked through dark, half-closed eyes, faintly contemptuous, it seemed.

HE had been criticized before; the extremists among his own people called him a "good boy," a "tame ox." As editor of the weekly *People's Voice* he was on the side of moderation, tolerance. He mixed with white missionaries, negrophilists like Miss Poynton, liberals and even men who galled him with their patronage. He glanced at Charles Gumede and back at the old men. They were not the kind to criticize him politically. But they were studying him, weighing up the future that he stood for as if gazing into the clouds to divine what storms or what sunny days were in store.

One of them casually threw him a greeting and he responded to the ancient law of humility from a young man to his elders. "My fathers, I see you well."

The women nearby and the students in badly-fitting best clothes saw the great teacher Njilo humble before these illiterate patriarchs. The old men's reserve faded. Soon they were speaking to him with animated faces and slow, expressive gestures. A pot of beer circulated among them and Dr. Njilo took his turn. He wiped his lips as they did, with the palm of his hand.

"I'll be back in a moment," he said to the Rev. Gumede as he stood up. He climbed the steps

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INSIDE DARTMOOR *Concluding the personal story of a man who was sent there for three years*

I learn about escapes-and have a go myself

ANONYMOUS

IF HE IS WISE, a convict prevents himself from brooding on the world he has left; but it is true to say that all prisoners dream of escape. For the great majority, that is as far as it goes. Practical difficulties, the fear of reprisals, lack of courage and ingenuity—these tend to make the average prisoner renounce the idea of a break-out. Those who attempt it can be divided into one of two classes: the men who think of and plan for nothing else from the moment they enter prison; and those who spontaneously yield to a tempting opportunity.

Length of sentence obviously counts. A man who is in for a short "stretch" usually decides to let time take its normal course. Calculated or otherwise, an escape risk at Dartmoor is a bad one. The strict surveillance (the proportion of officers to convicts is almost one to two) and the prison's isolated position are the main dissuasive factors; a third is its reputation for always bringing a fugitive back. "Nobody stays out of the Moor for long" is an adage in the penal world. In a modern context, this is true. It is rare for an escaping prisoner to get more than twenty miles away from Princetown and only exceptionally will a man reach London—the objective of all who are on the run from the Moor.

The last man to accomplish it was Harold (Rubber Bones) Webb, who broke out of Dartmoor in November, 1951. "Rubber Bones" was one of the pathological escapers, a man who was already thinking of escape in the Black Maria which took him from the court of sentence. He had already tried to beat the Moor before he reached it. Sentenced in 1946 to a birching and eight years for robbery with violence, he had got away from the conducting party at Tavistock on his way to Dartmoor a year later. On that occasion he was "out" for fifty-seven hours. As a result, he was a marked man at the Moor, and even more restricted than his fellows, for no prisoner who has attempted a break is allowed to work outside.

Webb's problem, then, was how to get out of the prison buildings and over the walls. His determination to make the attempt was well

Dartmoor's notorious bloodhounds. Among the convicts, says the author, they are treated as a joke, and not thought to be much good as mancatchers

known, and I had many conversations with him on the subject. He had no doubt of his ability to get outside; it was the getting quickly and far away from the prison precincts that worried him. Intellectually, I had considered the question myself, and had come to the conclusion that the only feasible way of leaving the district quickly was by jumping a train. I suggested this solution to "Rubber Bones," and he did, in fact, succeed in reaching London in a train by passing himself off as a ganger.

The favourite period for a break-out at Dartmoor is a weekend, when half the warders are off duty. Another essential is the fog. The Dartmoor fog deserves its reputation. It is not smoke-filled and yellow like an industrial fog, but white, fleecy and penetrating. It is the only fog I know in which, truly, you cannot see your hand before your face. There is also the Dartmoor mist which lifts as dramatically as it comes down, and has been the cause of more than one convict's capture on the moor.

Story No One Believes

Webb was not a small man; he was broad and strongly built. He had also an extraordinary gift of bodily contortion and contraction. It was this, according to the official story, which allowed him to force his way up and through an air vent in the furnace room on the night of November 18, 1951. Once outside the building he used a convenient ladder to take him over the wall in the laundry yard—the wall is lower there than at any other point. Nobody who has been in the Moor and who knows Webb believes the story of the air vent, or will have it that he went out unaided.

He was "out" eight days—a record for Princetown. Many thought, as time went by, that he was safely away, helped by friends and provided with money. Others were sceptical—and with reason, for Webb was picked up by the London police on November 26 in a barrow yard off Oxford Street. He was exhausted, famished, and could hardly walk for the blisters on his feet. I mention this because the "solidarity" of the underworld is something the public likes to romanticize. Webb must have gone to friends but, as a very much wanted man, he was too hot to handle, without a copious greasing of palms. Rubber Bones was abandoned because he had no money.

Webb's feat of breaking out of the prison proper at night was exceptional. Most breaks are attempted from the working parties outside. I witnessed a typical one.

Guard Mounted On Horses

There are three outside parties—dairy, farm and quarry—and only "trusted" men with eighteen months of sentence served are employed on them. They are generally popular, but for some the tantalizing hours passed in the free open air make the subsequent confinement harder to bear. The work is tedious but not very hard. Some of the warders are armed with buckshot; others, swinging long leather coshes, roam round the parties on horseback.

The break I will describe was made by a twenty-five year old Londoner. "Tommy" took confinement hard, and repeatedly told me that he had to get out, for prison was driving him mad. I warned him not to be a fool. He was not a resourceful and determined man like Webb, and nobody gave a cup of tea for his chances. His attempt was made on a foggy Saturday morning when he, myself and five others were working on the dairy party.

The dairy party is well guarded because it works with buckets, which are considered to be weapons, so we marched out that morning to the dairy, a quarter of a mile from the main gate, with an escort of four warders. As we led the cows away after milking, Tommy, who walked in front of me, asked to fall out. He was told he could, and a warder stepped aside to be near him. Tommy went about two steps, ducked smartly, and made a dash for it. Almost simultaneously there were two shots and he went down, hit in the legs.

The end of one of Dartmoor's famous escapes: manacled and with a hood over his head, Dekker is taken back to jail. By an astonishing chance, he was caught while sunbathing in a crowd

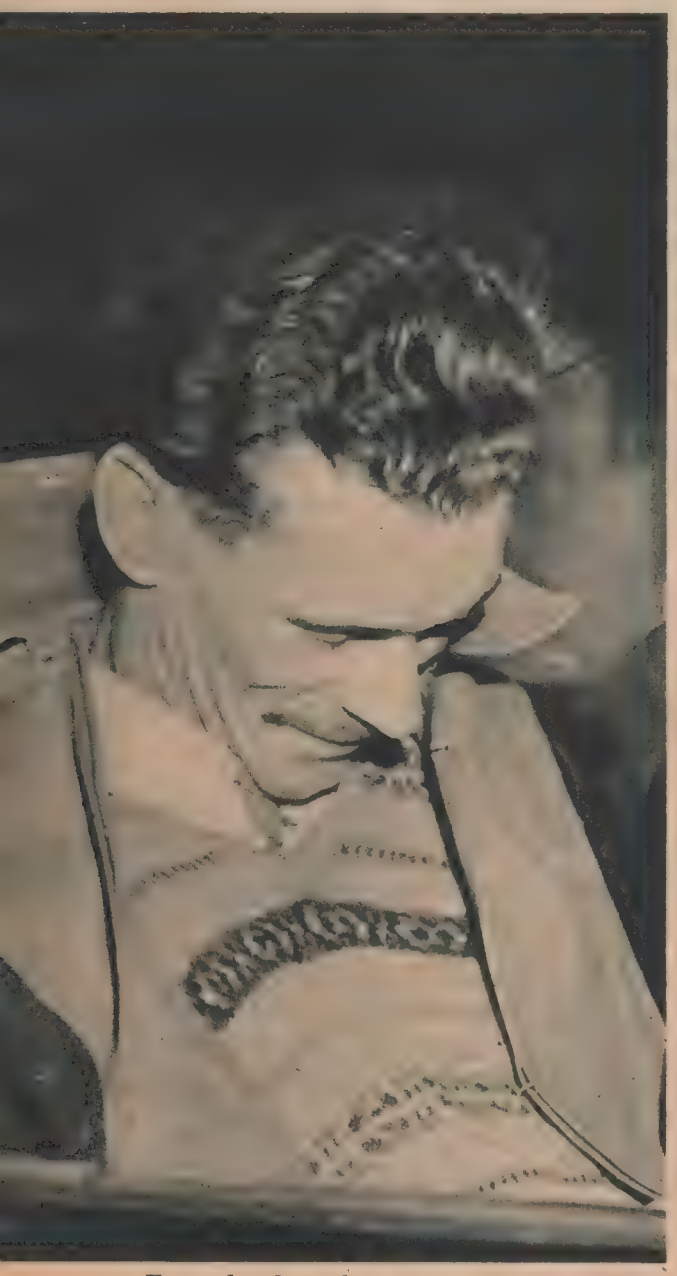
After leaving hospital he was sentenced by a Visiting Committee to three months' loss of remission and six weeks of restricted diets. Had his break taken him outside the precincts of the prison, Tommy could have been awarded as much as six months' loss of remission. His attempt was absurdly rash, but its interesting aspect was the exemplary speed with which the "screws" opened fire. I could hardly see the cow I was leading—and an escaping man goes very fast in his first dash. Tommy must have been barely five yards away when he was hit. He had talked a lot of his intention. "This is it," he said on the morning of his attempt—and not a convict who heard him doubted that an informer had betrayed him to the warders.

If Tommy was "grassed" on, he was unlucky. As a rule, other convicts will do all they can—without running undue risks—to help an intending escaper. This is about the only service the general run of prisoners will freely render another who is not a particular friend.

Some time before Tommy's attempt, two men, Morton and Smythe, planned a break together. For them, too, the dairy party was to be the opportunity and they prepared for the adventure by asking every prisoner they could trust to save them a little "cob" (bread). When the time came the haversacks they were allowed to carry were well filled with dry bread. After three fine Saturdays, the fourth arrived with a beautifully heavy fog.

Their plan was clever. Its success depended on Morton's power of mimicry. When every convict was in a separate cubicle busily milking a cow, watched by an officer standing behind, Morton asked to fall out. His "screw" acquiescing, he stepped away into the fog and, imitating perfectly his guardian's voice, called on the officer at the dairy gate to come down

Police question cottagers during a hunt for a Dartmoor escaper. The moor is not searched at once, but pickets close the escape routes



Eyes closed, smiling enigmatically, "Rubber Bones" Webb is driven away after capture. His friends abandoned him as too "hot" to be helped

to the cubicles. As this officer obeyed, Morton's warder, hearing shouting, began shouting himself—which Morton answered in the voice of yet another "screw." This trick soon had every warder yelling contradictory orders to his fellows. In the confusion, Morton, quickly joined by Smythe, walked through the gate and vanished into the fog.

An escape at Dartmoor makes the prison nervous. All outside work is cancelled, discipline grows harsher, the warders are overbearing and touchy, the prisoners are tense. Every convict identifies himself with the men on the run. If wishes were horses, an escaping prisoner on the Moor could choose one from thousands on which to gallop away. At "slopping out" and exercise, at association, in the workshops—whenever convicts find themselves together, a single question hangs in the air: "Have they been pinched?"

The Net Is Thrown Out

On the moor, meanwhile, the net is thrown out. The moor is not searched at once, but batches of officers, helped by the local police and civilian volunteers, patrol all approaches to Princetown and picket the crossroads. Tavistock, Plymouth and Exeter are specially watched. The railway is guarded, cars are stopped. Every farm and house in the vicinity keeps its light burning all night. If the men are not taken immediately, the bloodhounds are brought. But these notorious animals, which come from a kennel in Tavistock, are rather a joke at Dartmoor and are not thought to be much good as mancatchers. The fog, which can be such a friend to an escaping man, is very often the cause of his capture. Morton and Smythe were out for five days, walking in circles in a blind, sopping world. The police came up with them when the fog lifted. They were only three miles from the prison gates.

A convict called Dekker did much better than this and was only caught by an unbelievable chance. He was on a fatigue which entailed carrying empty flour sacks from the bakery to a van outside. On his second trip, while the van driver gossiped to a "screw," Dekker jumped in and set off at speed down the Tavistock road. Somewhere along it he exchanged the van for a motor bicycle, on which he made for Torquay, where he had friends. Dekker lived there quietly for some days, and might be there still if he had not taken a bathe one morning. Lying on the sand, he paid no attention to the man sunbathing next to him. Unfortunately for Dekker, this man was a warder from the Moor, and he recognized the convict. Dekker knew this "screw" well but, as he said, he couldn't recognize an officer without his uniform.

My Own Stupid Attempt

Dekker's escape was on the spur of the moment, and the baker's van gave him a chance. My own attempt was equally spontaneous, but I had no chance at all. Against its crass stupidity, I can only plead "prison rot." This is the slow, disintegrating process which, after some years in prison, prises the character apart into unrelated pieces. It destroys the bases of personality as surely as drink and drugs. In my case, it had not gone very far, but after three years of confinement I must have become incorrigibly frivolous and reached a state where I could no longer knit action with consequence. Only as an instance of this mental deterioration is my "escape" interesting.

It was during my last summer, when I was still earning full remission. I was, of course, a trusted prisoner then, and had been allowed to volunteer for what is the most desirable summer job on the Moor—the farm party. On the day in question I and three other prisoners were haymaking in a field about a mile from the prison gates. It was hot, and we had laid our jackets and caps in a line under the hedge. Only two "screws" watched such a small party: one was at the gate of the field, the other sauntered round the cart we were loading. The whole scene was so peacefully pastoral that it seemed that a break then would be simple. I looked at the cart and saw that it was nearly ready to move away to the farm. Then I looked at the "screw." He was some distance to my left, apparently engaged in counting our hats and jackets. The next moment I was burrowing under the hay.

A Mile—Then Disaster

Why my absence was not remarked as the cart moved out of the field I don't know—I could see nothing. But I felt the cart moving, I recognized the two ruts it passed over as it went through the gate, I heard the warder say something. There was no sound of alarm as the farmhand turned the cart to the left and took it creaking down the Tavistock road.

After twenty minutes I wriggled from my chrysalis and dropped off the back of the cart, to find myself nearly a mile from the field, from which I was hidden by a rise in the ground. Nothing was moving in front of me. I turned up a narrow lane and had gone only twenty yards when I saw a mounted warder through a gap in the hedge. I dared not double back to the high road, so I made for a clump of trees to my right. As I did so, the "screw" on his horse came through a concealed gate and almost knocked me down.

"Where are *you* going?" he said—a question which needed no answering. It was a fair cop, and I let him walk me back to my waiting warder in the hayfield. For this foolishness, I was penalized with six weeks' loss of remission and five days' restricted diet—three on No. 1 and two on No. 2. I thoroughly deserved it.

Restricted Diet No. 1 means water and a pound of bread a day, but it may not be continued for more than three consecutive days. If the sentence is longer, every three days must alternate with a similar period of ordinary prison food. I never underwent corporal punishment at the Moor, which is awarded only for mutiny or incitement thereto, and gross personal violence to an officer. Nor did I do solitary confinement. But prisoners who had done all these told me that, over a long period, Diet No. 1 was by far the hardest to bear.

We Were Always Hungry

It might not be thought very terrible to live on a pound of bread a day for three days at a time, and no doubt it isn't for a man used to eating his fill every day. No one eats his fill at Dartmoor. I did not pass a waking moment there when I was not hungry, and I am not a big eater. The official dictum on prison fare is that, while it should not be "penal in intention," it is not meant to do anything more than keep a prisoner in health. It may be that if prison rations were less wastefully and better cooked, they would keep a man just satisfied.

As it is, the food at the Moor was not enough for, and sometimes only eatable because supplied to, very hungry men. Ninety per cent of complaints in Dartmoor are about food. The mutiny of 1932, which has become legendary in the Moor, started with a complaint about the porridge and the quality of the potatoes. The findings of the official inquiry suggest that the porridge might have been deliberately adulterated by convict cooks with a view to giving a solid basis to the general disturbance which the more turbulent prisoners were said to have been preparing for some time.

In a prison where, as the same report has it, "every convict is either a confirmed criminal or a dangerous criminal or both," there will always be a proportion of prisoners who are ready to organize and lead a movement of mass violence. I met such men at the Moor, but they impressed me less by their success in getting recruits than by the wide berth the other convicts gave them. The 1932 mutiny came as the culmination of a

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The first bullet struck his brother in the chest. Wounded and unarmed, he advanced on the killers. The boy behind the bushes could only watch

My brother's murderer

by ***MARK DERBY***

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD

He'd seen it happen; he knew who was responsible. And if he opened his mouth, it would happen to him

WHEN GUAN SWEE opened his mouth that night and sentenced himself to death, young Ah Kham was sitting right beside him. Ah Kham was only eleven years old, but he was old enough to know at once that talk like his brother's was dangerous.

Somebody had referred to Bah Soon, the coffee-shop keeper's son, who hadn't been seen or heard of for five days since he left the village to volunteer for police training. Constraint, like a sudden shadow, fell across the group.

Feng Koo broke the uneasy silence. "It is best to be silent about him," he said. "He has surely joined the jungle people."

They always referred to the terrorists that way. The jungle people.

Ah Kham turned sick inside him as he saw his brother's hand twitch and his mouth open. His brother Guan Swee had always hated Feng Koo. Feng the know-all, the sneerer, who always seemed to know such a lot about the jungle people.

Ah Kham's brother stared straight into Feng's narrow eyes. "Nobody here is stupid enough to believe that," he said coldly. "Bah Soon was my friend and I know better than anybody how he hated the jungle people and despised them. That was why he decided to work as a policeman, to help save us from their robberies and extortions and murders."

Under the pale, hissing pressure lamp the faces passed from shock to consternation and dread. Ah Kham saw the brown feet of Lee Hai, the carpenter, draw themselves cautiously together as he stood up.

"We ordinary, poor folks are always the first victims of the jungle people," Guan Swee declared, raising his voice defiantly. "But if even a quarter of us rose against them they would be wiped out. If only we could throw off our fear and act together, every man of the jungle people would starve or be killed or captured on our information."

Feng said nothing. Feng, always so know-all and argumentative, said nothing. Maybe, thought Ah Kham, because he was as scared as the rest of them by Guan Swee's reckless outspokenness.

"No, Bah Soon has not joined the jungle people," his brother's strong, contemptuous voice denied. "Somebody passed word to the jungle people that he was going to enlist in the fight against them and they ambushed him on his way to town and murdered him."

Still Feng said nothing. He said not a word more that evening. Soon after Lee Hai the carpenter had broken in nervously to change the subject, Feng got up silently and slouched out.

That was the evening Guan Swee sentenced himself to death. Next day, when the sentence was carried out, Ah Kham was again close by.

He and Guan Swee had returned from the tin mine and were climbing the path to their bathing place up the hill behind the village. Most days they climbed up to the lake in the

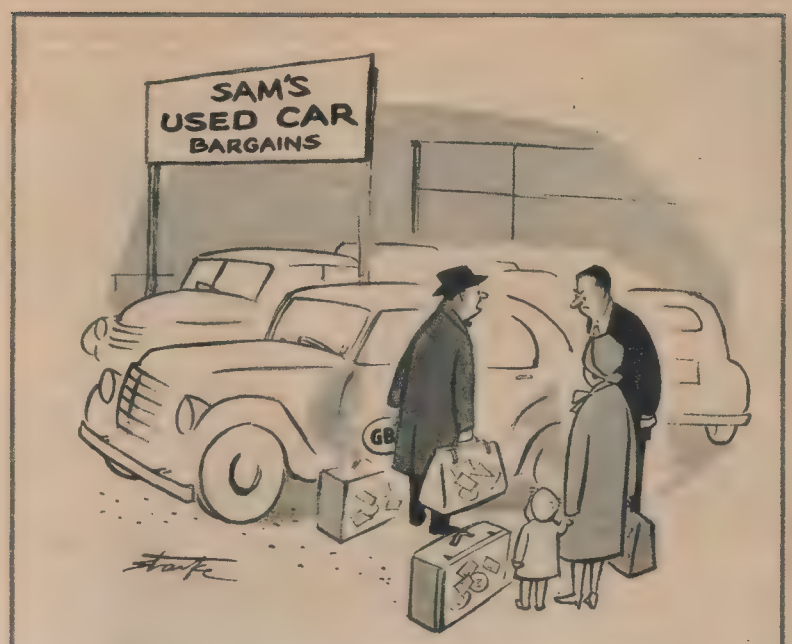
foothills, though Feng, whose family owned the fish traps on the lake, had once tried to warn them off. It was fresher there than in the village pool below.

Ah Kham had stopped to study a new wild pig track, so Guan Swee was several yards ahead when he emerged into the clearing by the lake. The ambush caught him in the act of throwing off his tattered shirt and one of the bullets slammed through his naked chest. The last time Ah Kham saw his brother alive he was advancing on his killers. Wounded, unarmed, but advancing.

By the time Ah Kham had made his silent way through the jungle edge to the old *rambutan* tree that was his favourite perch, Guan Swee was lying dead just below and two terrorists in jungle green uniforms, with red stars on their caps and rifles over their shoulders, were retreating up the jungle slope that overhung the lake.

Beside the body stood Feng. As Ah Kham watched, he stared down for a moment and then kicked at the still head so that the handsome, unwounded face fell back and looked up blindly. Then Feng nodded slightly and turned down the path to the village.

The British troops were there within five minutes. Their camp was at the old assistant manager's bungalow a mile away; but their bathing pool was within a quarter of that distance and three soldiers had heard the shooting as they arrived for a swim. They had a Dyak tracker with them and he found the bandit tracks almost at once. Ten minutes later firing broke out up the hillside, just as the first villagers reached the clearing. Ah Kham had climbed down from his tree and joined the group of neighbours round his brother's body.



"'Any trial'—that's what the advertisement said'"

When the officer came with an interpreter that night, he said his men had wounded one terrorist and had begun following a blood trail, but when darkness fell they'd had to return. To the officer's questions, Ah Kham replied that when his brother had been killed he had been some distance away and saw nothing.

His brother had opened his mouth and condemned himself to death. He was going to keep his shut.

It wasn't only his tongue that Ah Kham guarded. His grave young eyes and face gave nothing away . . . nothing of his heartbreak or his love for Guan Swee, nothing of his hate for the man who had betrayed him, nothing of his passionate determination to avenge him.

With a composed, impassive face, he crashed the cymbals at the funeral to drive away the evil spirits from his brother's newly fledged soul. And after the funeral, while his mother wept over Guan Swee's bloodstained clothes, as she washed them and spread them over a bush to dry, he set off alone into the jungle.

He had first to try and find out whether the wounded terrorist was dead. If he wasn't dead, he would have to try and find him and kill him.

He found the blood trail easily enough. The soldiers had been over it again in the early morning and he followed their tracks and the occasional spots of black, dried blood on the disturbed leaves. The trail ended in a small area of swamp and there was a dead bandit there, one wounded leg already sucked down out of sight in the evil-smelling quagmire.

The soldiers had taken the terrorist's weapon, and also his cap as a trophy, but they hadn't spotted the green bandit pack behind the bamboo clump at the edge of the swamp. Ah Kham picked it up slowly, thoughtfully. Inside was a spare uniform and cap, very dirty, a worn pair of canvas and rubber jungle boots, a Webley automatic and nine rounds, a Mills bomb, a red Communist flag and several pamphlets. Ah Kham carefully packed it again. When he got back to the lakeside clearing, he stowed it high in the *rambutan* tree before he stripped, picked off the leeches on his legs and bathed in the waters where long ago Guan Swee had taught him to swim. He had climbed out of the water into the still, hot dusk when Feng appeared, and immediately unzipped his new nylon shirt.

Ah Kham hid behind the tree. He watched as Feng stripped and began swimming off towards the far end of the lake to make the rounds of his fish traps. Then Ah Kham came out from behind the tree. He was quivering with excitement at the plan in his mind. But how would the timing work out? His plan depended on the timing. . . .

The English soldiers were down at their bathing pool again. He could hear them shouting. There were always two armed soldiers on guard while their comrades bathed and he was thinking of them. If they reached the clearing too late he would very soon be where he had always wanted, from his babyhood, to be . . . with Guan Swee.

He climbed the tree and brought down the green pack. Then he took out the Mills bomb. He stood with it in his hand and watched Feng's wake through the water. When his enemy had reached the fish trap in the farthest corner of the lake, he turned and pushed his way a short distance through the jungle in the direction of the soldiers' pool. Then he pulled the safety-pin out of the bomb and threw it down the slope.

He knew about the pin but not about the four-second fuse. When the bomb landed in a small marshy hollow and stuck there, he imagined that it would not explode, that it must strike rock before it would detonate. He was on his way down to recover it for another throw when it exploded and mud splashed his face and a tiny splinter of shrapnel stung into the calf of his leg. He ignored that and hurried back to the pack in the clearing.

Feng was swimming back in a hurry. Crawling along behind a low rib of rock, Ah Kham was invisible from the lake as he seized Feng's clothes and stuffed them into the pack. In their place he laid the bandit uniform and cap and boots, with the automatic and its ammunition. He spread the small bullets around a bit and transferred Feng's money, with his identity card, to the uniform trousers pocket. Then he crawled back, leaving the pack half-concealed farther down the clearing, and climbed up to his perch among the thick *rambutan* foliage.

The timing was perfect.

Feng, perturbed by the explosion of the bomb, crawled gasping out of the lake and made a dash for his clothes. He had good reason for not wanting to be found by the military on the scene of the discharge of illegal weapons. It could have been the soldiers, of course, but he didn't think so. The sudden silence and then the shouts of alarm from the soldiers' pool made that unlikely.

He grabbed for his clothes, his plump, naked belly shivering a little, and then reared up in horror as he saw the starred cap and the uniform and the weapon. Ah Kham gazed down impassively through the leaves as his enemy began to shake violently and scramble round like a madman to pick up the rounds and then break off to stare wildly this way and that in search of his clothes. His lips were mouthing words he didn't utter, his breath came in shaken sobs and he snatched up weapon and uniform and turned in flight only a few seconds before the pair of soldiers entered the clearing.

"Halt! *Haltorifire!*"

Feng's grey face snapped round and he saw them. In a fit of despairing fury, he turned and fired wildly. Three shots tore through the leaves around the leading soldier before a .303 round slapped into Feng and he spun slowly, like a dancer, and fell clumsily to the ground and lay still.

As Ah Kham entered the thatched hut that was his home, his mother snapped off a thread with her teeth and held out the freshly laundered blue trousers she had been sewing. His little sister was playing with two rings of faded cloth.

"I have cut down your brother's trousers," his mother said. "They will do for you now, my son."

He took Guan Swee's trousers and saw the faint bloodstain still on them. He went into the narrow partitioned corner where he had slept with his brother.

"And do not run away and play again like that, so that I do not know where you are and grow nervous," his mother called after him. "You are the head of our family now."

For the first and last time Ah Kham betrayed emotion. Just for a second he hugged Guan Swee's trousers to his chest with tight fists, closing his eyes painfully and holding his breath.

"I said, you are the head of our family now," his mother called through the thin partition. "Had you forgotten that, my son?"

He let go his breath and his face relaxed into impassivity again as he kicked off his own shorts and thrust a sturdy right leg into his brother's trousers.

"No, my mother," he said, "I had not forgotten." THE END

INSIDE DARTMOOR

Continued from page 24

long period of unrest. Skeleton keys, hacksaws, coshes, ropes and other implements of escape and attack had been found. The men were nervous; so were the officers. The point is that it was a question of food that set off the explosion.

From what older prisoners told me, it was as difficult to get a complaint heard in my time as it was in 1932. Like all prisons, Dartmoor was visited once a month by a Visiting Committee which, while mainly concerned with trying offences, was also competent to hear complaints. The committees were very discreet. I scarcely ever knew they had come until somebody told me they had already left. I once saw a convict's attempt to obtain a hearing. For some time, there had been a certain unrest in the prison. The food had been particularly unsatisfactory. Men had written, or had persuaded others to write, to their Members of Parliament. Others had petitioned the governor. As a result, the Home Secretary himself came down.

I was with my party in the mailbag shed when, flanked by four warders and looking straight ahead, Chuter Ede passed rapidly through the room. A convict, who had repeatedly petitioned the governor, stood up and said: "Can I have a word, Mr. Ede?" He had just time to get the sentence out before a warder pushed him back to his seat—and Chuter Ede, who never even knew he was being addressed, went on untroubled.

The Home Secretary's visit, from which much had been expected, had the effect of heightening the sense of frustration. The average prisoner at the Moor, as I judged him, wants as little trouble as possible. He detests the troublemakers, the vicious hard cases who are ready to risk, and take the consequences of, a showdown with authority. He knows too well what can come of that. He wants to do his time as uneventfully as possible, and get out as soon as he can.

Penal servitude, which is now abolished as a judicial sentence, sounds hard work, but I did very little work at Dartmoor. Physically, the scar I carried away is the one it leaves on all who go there—chronic rheumatism.

What did I learn? To use my wits, to be hard-hearted, to look after myself at the expense of my fellows. Above all, to dodge the column.

A stranger at Dartmoor for a day will get quite a wrong impression of life there as lived by the inmates. As he sees the prisoners shuffle briskly along from place to place, watches them shot in and out of cells, hears the shouting and the clanging of doors, he will be tempted to think that the master idea of prison discipline is to waste no time. And so it is—as long as the prisoner is out of his cell.

Once in his cell he can—and must—waste it to his heart's content, often for nineteen hours out of twenty-four. That is my cardinal memory of the Moor, the long despondency of the dragging hours in my cell.

On my release day, I was taken down to change into my civilian clothes; I signed the receipt for my belongings and collected my five shillings from the Prisoners' Aid Society.

I had, on the whole, taken the governor's advice, and made the best of my time in the Moor. It is a hard prison because the majority of its inmates are hard, men who accept Dartmoor and all it implies much as a coal miner accepts the risks of the coal face; that is, professionally. That being so, authority takes up the challenge, as it must. But for a few, and I am one of them, one stretch at Princetown is enough. If prison is meant to show crime is not worth while, it found me, at least, a willing pupil.

My farewell interview with the governor was short. After wishing me good fortune, Major Harvey consulted my file. "I see," he said, "that you sometimes do journalism. I hope, for your sake, that if you ever write anything about this prison, you'll take good care not to come back again."

Once more, I am going to take Major Harvey's advice. THE END

Vary the fare

Monotony is appetite's worst enemy, yet busy housewives can't be forever concocting elaborate new dishes. Here are some ideas for simple variations on a single theme—tempting meals that need no extra cooking and give you good eating right round the clock.

When the children rush home for lunch, instead of a cooked sweet give them a tempting dish of crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes with fresh sliced bananas and cream or top-of-the-milk.

A special teatime treat—ice cream set in golden Corn Flakes, instead of serving wafer biscuits. Or if you've five minutes to spare, try adding a hot chocolate or treacle sauce—it's delicious!

A light snack for supper—try a dish of stewed or tinned fruit with Kellogg's Corn Flakes, instead of the usual piecrust, to add extra crunchiness.

All these Kellogg cereals help to vary the fare

More people like Kellogg's most

A LION AMONG THE PEOPLE

Continued from page 21

and passed through the corridor of the office block. At some distance from the back of the building was a straggling row of thorny *matingula* shrubs, once a hedge, and behind them the tin roof of a privy. Dr. Njilo made his way there and returned quickly. He could not endure the noisome stench of the earth-closet, the drumming flies and the heat. It was the only type of sanitation. Sanitation—what a word, he thought. Any sub-standard school for white children would have water-borne sewerage. But his college, his university, had to be content with this. Who was to benefit, after all? An ugly word came to his mind. Ah, they were lucky to have anything at all. He knew how requests were stalled with smooth or slighting remarks. It needed infinite patience and forbearance to shift forward a single peg of progress.

Dr. Njilo paused in the comparative cool of the office corridor and ran his handkerchief round the inside of his collar. He let the air in under his gown and frock coat. Feeling relaxed, he went on. The square was filling. On its open space and under the mango trees to the left there were already nearly two thousand people. Some had spread straw mats and sat enjoying the fierce sun. A tumbling murmur of voices rose up; bright colours met his eye.

THE principal wanted a space kept open before the platform; it was the only area grown with grass—not a lawn in the English sense, for it was tufty and rugged, but it was green and Miss Poynton thought it a beginning. The cars of the Europeans would draw up under the gum trees beyond the chapel. The guests would be escorted straight to the platform for the capping ceremony, and afterwards a reception in the hall. He would like to call it the Great Hall, except that it was not great; it was a cement and iron shed.

The Chancellor of the University of South Africa would be there. He was conferring the honorary degree of Ph.D. on Dr. Njilo. He would wear his medieval cap and gold-faced gown, his hood lined with ermine and scarlet. And the others: an academic representative from England and one from America; the principals of two white universities and members of their senate; the bishop, government officials, and so on, and so on. Miss Poynton had seen to that. They would have a royal welcome—three or four thousand people. Dr. Njilo felt light-hearted. He looked again at his watch and into the distance at the road approach. The air over the sugar-cane fields shimmered and the red ribbon of road seemed in the mirage to be under a sheet of glistening water. Another hour to go.

The college boys politely cleared the grass patch and began to marshal the people into a wide mass about the platform. It would be like a great *indaba*, a peoples' council. At the centre would be the whites and he, Njilo—Luke the son of Nxaba, of the renowned Mukazi, nine generations back to Bahuza.

Dr. Njilo was holding a beer pot and smiled suddenly at the absurdity of this thought. They were not honouring a man for his barbarian ancestry recalled in a string of poetic praises full of bloodshed and homeric boasting. He was, that day, pre-eminently the successful product of the missionary, the philanthropist and of British education in the humanities; the wisely moderate editor of an officially approved native newspaper and the moderately wise principal of a liberal native college—the tame ox, as his critics called him.

He turned to the Reverend Gumede: "If I am a tame ox, what are you, Charles?"

Gumede did not relish the joke. There was a youthful and loveable sincerity about his face and the flash of pain that crossed it was visible. Deeply, seriously, he was attached to his chief. "I try to be a servant of God," he said mildly.

"Amen," the Reverend Njilo responded quickly, resting his eyes on his young friend.

"One must expect reproaches," said Gumede.

For a short while Njilo was silent and downcast. Gumede and the people about looked anxiously at his face. But when he glanced up there was a play of mischief about his wide-set eyes. He took a draught at the beer-pot.

"Charles, I was thinking about my ancestors. What would they make of all this?"

"One is close to one's ancestors here," the secretary said, nodding in the direction of the crowd.

"You are too serious and clever today. No, I was only picturing the old men, without conciliating any spirits. Who was this Bahuza? Nine generations before me—that would have him living earlier than the first white invaders, centuries before our people even brushed with them. And what does history say of him? 'He killed Nomjoni at the waterhole like a crocodile . . .' that's all. A name and a phrase. I don't believe he ever existed, really, or else he's a mixture of memory and myth. Still, do you think anyone will compose a line about me being capped today?" He let out a guffaw of laughter and improvised a few praises for himself in a ludicrous strain.

NOW the people were warming up to him. His words were passed round to surges of merriment.

"Charles, Miss Poynton will be here soon. Keep an eye open for her Cadillac."

Dr. Njilo went off back through the office block and out behind. As he neared the privy the stench met his nostrils. "That thing!" he exclaimed aloud. "Third class — we travel through our world third class." He snorted and veered off stolidly towards the cane-field. Through the gaps in the thorn-trees he could see people coming up the road. The sun blazed hotly on him.

Walking down, he felt the heat in his face, and his clothes seemed rather close about him. He was quite firm on his legs, though with slower movements than usual, and his boots felt tight. These were minor discomforts dispelled by the great glow that spread from his heart.

As he entered the crowd again, he was like a river among his native reeds. They chattered, swayed and responded to his every movement. His big eyes turned in majestic glances from one face to another and he spoke to those he recognized, using their names and the names of their fathers. He had a passion for the wild valleys, the rocky corn-patches and sweet-scented brakes of bush where his clan had clung against every misfortune for so many generations. He asked close questions about the grain-baskets, the children and cattle and the white-tailed rock hares he used to hunt as a boy. They answered in more glowing terms than the truth, telling him what he wanted to hear—that all was well.

The Rev. Gumede intercepted him as he raised a beer-pot to his lips.

"Miss Poynton will expect to have tea with you, Chief—keep some space for that." He smiled apologetically.

"Tea!" Dr. Njilo gasped. Then he looked round with a merry chuckle. "Tea! Do you hear that? Tea with Miss Poynton." He made a gesture of delicately picking up a cup and arched his little finger. The women held their sides and shrilled out peals of laughter. The Rev. Gumede watched in consternation. Then something saved him.

"Look! Here she comes." He pointed.

Dr. Njilo stood up and, leaning one hand heavily on his secretary's shoulder, shaded his eyes with the other. "Yes," he said. "That's her. Come, Charles."

HE adjusted the gown round his shoulders. His mouth closed up firm. The short aquiline nose with flared nostrils was like the black beak of a Viking ship as he steered his way towards the lower end of the square. They passed the chapel and came out under the gum trees as the long, cream-coloured Cadillac drew up. A Zulu chauffeur jumped out and opened the rear door for Miss Poynton, patroness of St. Cyprian's College and heiress of a pioneer gold-mining millionaire.

"This is a great day, Luke," she said, holding out her hand. Dr. Njilo took the podgy little fist and shook it without a word. His eyes were brimming, which she took for a sign of emotion.

Dr. Njilo did not underrate the humanity and generosity of Miss Poynton but he could not take her seriously. Constantly she said and did things that would have hurt his pride had he been looking for injury. To her own satisfaction she understood "the Zulu mind." It was an abstraction from the colonial histories, the novels of Rider Haggard and the almost feudal loyalties between tribesmen and her family on one of her late father's Zululand labour estates. To her, Dr. Njilo was a prodigy and was, essentially, "the Zulu mind" writ large. He justified her negrophilism and gave substance to her drawing-room talk. He was loyal, grateful, clean, dignified, a perfect gentleman. Because he was all these things he was capable of being a Christian and attaining great distinctions in learning. The decision of the governing university to confer on him its highest honour rounded off her work on Luke's behalf.

A class of girl students with radiant faces, white teeth and clear eyes against their dark features, presented Miss Poynton with a bouquet of wild flowers. Their brown skins were glossy, and the flowers brought the colours and perfume of the valleys

LIFE WITH MOTHER

AS MY MOTHER was an exhibition ballroom dancer with an international reputation, she was constantly on the move. As a result, I was reared by my grandmother at Felixstowe. Every Christmas the whole family forgathered there—Mother from Paris or wherever she was dancing at the time; her younger brother, now a film star; and my three grand-aunts.

I remember one game of charades in which the grand-aunts came on to represent a football team, with their stockings rolled down and skirts tucked inside their bloomers. Mother, who was on their side, could not go to those lengths; her underwear was too diaphanous.

In my earliest memories she always appears as a sort of dream princess, glamorous, marvellously dressed, redolent of the most exciting perfumes. The bedroom of her London flat was a thing of wonder. A pierrette doll with a beauty spot on her chin sat on the dressing-table, and the place would be banked with flowers from her admirers.

Houses were her passion. Once, on holiday together at Land's End, we came upon a deserted cottage near a stream, with an old mill wheel turning gently. Mother immediately wanted to live there.

Entering it for the first time, I pointed to my bare legs, suddenly covered with little brown spots. Mother reacted by dragging me out and standing me in the ice-cold stream. The spots were fleas.

In spite of them, we took the cottage. Sulphur candles were burnt in it for a week. Then we went back, and I was pushed through the door first, as a guinea-pig, to see if the fleas were still there. They were. Again I was dragged out and plunged in the stream.

The fleas put up a stiff resistance, until five layers of old wallpaper were stripped off the walls, and my mother, clad in a bathing costume, went into the attack with whitewash.

It was at the cottage, where we came year after year for my school holidays, that I really got to know her well; at home and in school I saw her only occasionally, though her letters came regularly from all over the world. I still have one from

Davos, in Switzerland, with a story book she made out of paper bound with blue ribbon.

All her stories were about animals. She has always had a deep-rooted love of animals—she is a vegetarian, because she cannot bear the thought of animals being killed for food. And she never wears furs because she feels that trapping is cruel.

By the time I left school, ballroom dancing had fallen out of fashion, and Mother was struggling to make a success of song writing. I went with her to Blackpool for the launching of her first big song hit, and later, in Paris, I witnessed the almost hysterical enthusiasm with which the French people greeted *"la charmante compositrice Anglaise,"* singing her own songs in a very "Free French" accent.

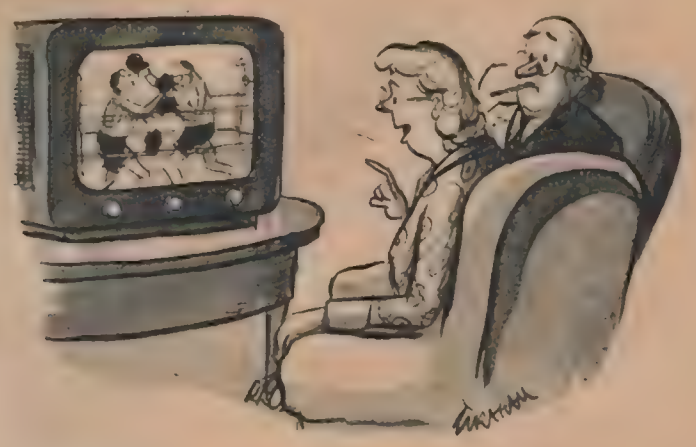
Getting out of France at the outbreak of war, we had to stand all the way in a train from the Riviera. A child near us wouldn't stop crying, and Mother knotted a handkerchief into a glove puppet and made it dance. The child laughed. That, I think, first gave her the idea that she could really amuse children.

Her present career is her third. It followed a terrible car accident, one that put her out of action for three years. I used to visit her every weekend at an open-air hospital in the north of England. Once, it was raining when I arrived. Mother was under cover, with buckets laid out on the floor under the leaks in the roof.

"Listen to the drops falling," she said. "Don't the buckets provide a lovely tune?"

Two years later she wrote words for it. Today they are known in Britain by almost every child old enough to understand.

The daughter, now a mother herself, illustrates all her famous parent's books. For their names turn to page 39.



"Gilhooley's the boy for my money, but I don't like the way Learmont's piling up points with that rapier-like left"

to set off Miss Poynton's grey hair and fluffy, middle-aged complexion.

Dr. Njilo wagged a finger at the students in mock seriousness. "And who forgot to roll out the red carpet?" They giggled, shaking their shoulders comfortably.

The principal drew Miss Poynton's arm through his. She shot him a startled glance. There was no mistake about his breath; his voice was slightly thick and his eyes reddened. But it was customary to drink a little beer on a special occasion, and "the Zulu" could imbibe a gallon or two without much feeling the effect.

"Let me conduct you to the seat of honour," he smiled. "The seat of honour."

"The others will be here directly. Shouldn't we wait for them?"

"They are here today and gone tomorrow. But to you we owe everything. Charles will keep a lookout."

She held out a hand to Gumede. "Charles, I'm delighted to see you. . . . I really would like to go and look everything over. I'm so thrilled, you don't know."

Miss Poynton was broad-backed and short and could not avoid a waddle in her gait. The Rev. Charles Gumede watched the two receding through the flickering shadows of the gum trees, the short white woman like an outhouse to the tower of the principal in his black robe. He saw this as a communion of spirits, the forgetting of self for a common good. The wolf shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid. . . .

Hundreds of people were still streaming in from the countryside. Along the paths they came and all one could see above the sugar-cane of those more distant was the bright-coloured haircloths or the pots of beer balanced gracefully on the women's heads. Here and there was the fur cap of an old man. Most of the young men were absent in the towns. Girls from the unbaptized villages, as a bow to the Christian occasion, had suspended on their bosoms a pocket handkerchief or a yellow flannel duster from which their dark, coral-coloured nipples peeped.

Suddenly the hubbub of voices swelled. The cars were coming in sight in the distance under puffs of brown-red dust. Gumede was agitated. He did not feel confident of welcoming all the distinguished men about to descend on the native college. Staff and students were bunching up to greet the visitors and he dispatched one in a hurry to summon the principal. There was no formality, no guard of honour, as some of the college governors had suggested. People thronged about cheerfully.

The messenger found Dr. Njilo sitting on the platform edge deliberately taking off his boots. Miss Poynton, in her seat behind him, looked worried.

"Is there anything the matter, Luke?"

Dr. Njilo wrenched the second boot off and threw it down with a grunt. "Uncomfortable," he said. Breathing heavily, he stripped off his socks as well and wriggled his toes.

The student repeated his message for the third time.

Turning to Miss Poynton, Dr. Njilo said, "The cars are here." It was so casual. He might have been saying, "The tea is served." He took a few steps about to try his released feet. Then he sprang on to the platform and raised his hand. There was a hush.

"They have come!" he shouted.

"Ahh," responded the mass in a deep murmur.

"They have come from Cape Town and Pretoria, from England and America. I will not tell you what they have come for—you know."

"We know," rolled back the response. An elderly man stood up, raised a polished blackwood stick and began reciting Dr. Luke Njilo's praises. There was a new one devised for the occasion—"The beer-pots flowed over for him. . . ."

Dr. Njilo gave an agile leap into the air and came down with a thud on the boards of the platform. Miss Poynton was on her feet and tapped him imperatively on the elbow. "Luke, they are actually arriving."

"Ah, let me go to meet them." He bounded off the platform.

"Your boots!" she cried after him. But he was already hastening through the lanes of admiring faces towards the chapel.

They met almost at the door of the chapel. The chancellor had the Rev. Charles Gumede at his side and Dr. Njilo came down alone. To the distinguished men who witnessed it, the encounter was strangely moving, spontaneous. Holding the folds of his gown about him with one hand, the big Zulu hurried forward with a slight bow. The slender, white-haired Englishman simply took both his shoulders in his grip and held him in silence. Then they shook hands. The chancellor was affected to see the African scholar and churchman, the deserving recipient of high honours, come to him in such modesty with the dust on his bare feet. Together they proceeded to the square.

DR. NJILO listened as if rapt to every word of the chancellor, his head to one side and his breathing coming thick and regular.

"What a magnificent crowd," said the visitor.

"They have come to see you, sir."

"And to do honour to you, Dr. Njilo."

"But they are my family," he laughed. "I am a prophet in his own land."

"Then you are the happy exception, not without honour."

Cars were now arriving every minute. Scores of white people followed the official party or edged for standing room in the shade of the mango trees. The chief native commissioner, the

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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

director of education and the commandant of police represented the State. The bishop was there, academic dons, members of the joint councils and the Race Relations Institute.

Miss Poynton met them on the platform. Standing there alone, she looked like a stout caryatid in grey stone, petrified with anxiety. The guests lined up before their chairs, flanked with motionless flags and overtopped by shining, dark-green mango leaves. The whole mass of people stood up and from their throats swelled the nation's salute, starting from a low rumble of the men's voices and rising in a single short crescendo.

"Today we are proud but humble!" Dr. Njilo shouted in Zulu. The crowd murmured as they sat down.

"Today is a day of victory!"

"Ga-zi!" came a muffled reply—Blood!

A GREY-HEADED Zulu stood out near the corner of the platform and began a rhythmic oration in a high voice with a quick, pulsing tempo. He spoke of the honour done to their son that day by great men of the world. The people could look for themselves and see who was before them—the right hand of the government and eagles who had flown from far lands. These great men he welcomed. They came in peace and it was a victory of peace. He then spoke of Njilo and of the nation. He was the rain who would bring up good crops; he it was who watched the herds.

Dr. Njilo could restrain himself no longer. He leapt down from the platform, his gown flying out like a huge blackbird's wings. With quick, short steps he began to circle the turf area, clapping his hands and shouting random phrases as a warrior does when he throws out a challenge. From the back of the crowd a woman's voice started to shrill a trembling monotone. Another joined her and another, and the whole mass were drawn into a fast exciting song. Dr. Njilo's feet thudded on the ground; he was dancing.

Down the open space he went a second time and retreated to the platform with the springy movements of a leopard. As a thousand hands clapped a rhythm, he whirled into the *giya* dance with a stupendous leap: the war-dance of the Zulus. Round and round he sped, killing a thousand imaginary enemies, cursing wizards, hurling insults at the sky. At times forced almost to his knees in mock defeat, he rose again and the ceaseless beat of his feet carried him into a paroxysm of physical triumph.

The bishop sat still, a withered smile on his kindly, intelligent face. The commandant of police was enjoying it in his own way. How right I am about these black devils, he thought; there's only one thing to do with them. . . .

Miss Poynton looked like a guinea fowl on the wing; her eyes stared before her in a piteous, dying expression. The chancellor's eyes alone sparkled with amusement. Behind the platform, the Rev. Charles Gumede stood with closed eyes and his lips moved as if in prayer.

An old warrior chanted wildly: "They say he is a tame ox. There he is, hau! hau!—a black-maned lion among the herds." There was a tumult of joy. The people threw shouted remarks at the dancer as he spun on his giddy round.

Dr. Njilo heard their words and they sank into his heart, braving him on. He wanted to do something prodigious—he was doing it. No man had ever before danced a *giya* in an academic gown and frock coat. They got in his way, flapped round his legs and arms. But he had made men call him a lion. It was a deserved tribute. The *élan* of a tremendous physique flowed into his whole being. All other things came to him with the same strenuous ease: the mastery of learning, the understanding of nature and the feeling for God. Men alone had seemed always to escape him. Today he found them and he exulted. The air they breathed was part of his strength and their words sang along his taut sinews. My people, my people, his heart whispered, look at me, how magnificent I am, but without you I am nothing. Turning, he saw the curious row of white people on the platform. He stopped with a short, breathless laugh. There was in it a blend of vanity and apology, like a youth who has been caught in a meritorious but forbidden act. He was coming back to the sedate world of letters and religion—his world.

Dr. Njilo pulled up the drooping gown about his shoulders and mopped his whole face, tucking the handkerchief back in his breast pocket. He was balanced on a knife-edge between bathos and disgust. With light but firm steps he walked forward. His lungs pumped, deep and powerful, and his nostrils were wide. In those few moments his face took on its solid composure, a sober dignity.

THE chancellor reached down a hand. Dr. Njilo took it and sprang up easily. "I thought they would appreciate it," he said, with an amicable gesture towards the crowd. "They understand so well where a whole speech might be superfluous."

"A—a most remarkable rendering of the dance."

"I am afraid, sir, the trappings of civilization were somewhat in the way." He twitched his gown, now smiling blandly.

"Not at all, Dr. Njilo."

And the ceremony went on. Tropical insects droned through the foliage of the mango trees. The chancellor recited a brief Latin encomium, to which Dr. Njilo responded in rolling Latin phrases of his own composition.

No one else followed save the bishop, Charles Gumede and a few of the visiting dons. In Dr. Njilo's rich intonation the language came surprisingly to life. For a moment the few were drawn together in a guild of scholarship, from outside of which the commandant of police looked on cynically. Miss Poynton also felt excluded; she did not understand Latin, though approving of its tone and dignity, and she dared not think of that other reversion to the ancient, indeed to the barbaric, displayed a minute ago by Luke.

The Reverend Gumede, now standing close behind his principal, took from his hands the parchment scroll and seal and gazed with admiration at the figure of the big man splendid in black velvet cap and gold and black hood. The people sang, all four thousand, a great and moving chant.

They left the platform, Dr. Njilo and the chancellor side by side. The crowd surged and lapped round them, compliments showered on the two men whose progress was slow as they paused to shake eager hands. A student followed, carrying Dr. Njilo's boots.

The dust of departing cars settled on the sugar-cane. People moved away on the footpaths, talking softly. Charles Gumede went through to his own small office to hang up his gown. Coming back, he stood framed in the door.

"I'm worried about the bishop and Miss Poynton. They didn't seem very happy. In fact. . . ."

"How could I explain?" Luke shook his head despondently. "Well, I'm not even going to try. It will have to blow over."

"Perhaps you could dedicate your next book to her."

"Certainly." Dr. Njilo brightened. "Do you know, Chief, your *giya* carried me away. In my heart there was so great a pleasure I was sure, in a way, it must be sinful. I had to close my eyes, but the singing and stamping I couldn't keep out."

"I'm sorry about that, Charles."

He looked up and their eyes met. The late afternoon light flooding through the window and reflected on Gumede's glasses added to an unsuspected sparkle lurking in his expression.

Dr. Njilo put an arm round his slim shoulders. He was laughing warmly.

"Really, Charles," he said. "What else could I say but that my own people expected me to act like that? Do you think the bishop or Miss Poynton or any of them could understand in a million years what really came over me?"

Charles laughed with him, but there was a worried frown above his eyes. "But we are all children of the same God, Chief."

"Of course, Charles, of course," the principal said with sudden dignity; but he could not quite control the smile that pulled at the corners of his mouth.

THE END

DIGBY

Continued from page 10

hall table, then turned to their bedroom door.

He wanted to say: *I'm sorry, Madeleine: Please will you help me snap out of this thing, whatever it is.* But how could he say that when he saw the cold indifference; when, after ten years, he had no more idea than at the beginning what went on in her head, less probably; when he had never demanded anything in their married life, but had given in to her, comforted her, spoilt her?

"Darling," he said. "Can you come in the library just a minute? I want to say. . . ."

"It's almost midnight. If you're going to tell me you're sorry, there's no need."

She turned the door handle.

"Please, Madeleine. I don't often ask."

"Oh, no," she said. "You never ask. You're much too perfect." But she came into the library.

"How was the party?"

"It was all right."

"Anybody interesting?"

"Yes. You wouldn't know most of them. Oh, and the Mannings were there of all unlikely people."

Tim Manning was Digby's personnel vice-president. He wasn't a bad guy. He lacked decision. His wife was terrible.

"I'm very sorry for saying that about Olaf and Helmut, darling. I don't know what's got into me lately. Something just seemed to snap."

"I don't mind so much you being as cross as a bear or behaving like a little boy," Madeleine said. "I don't mind that so much. But when you say *it's my only job after all*, to cook your supper, when I think of how I've struggled all these years to make your home, when I think of how I stay in New York in the heat of the summer, when I think of everything I've done for you and do for you and give up for you and the full life of my own I deny myself, and then you make out it's my duty to be a sort of slave for your comfort, and your pleasure if you feel like it."

"Please forgive me for being rude," he said. "I never meant it, and it won't happen again."

"Then you attack me like a wild beast!"

But he was not sorry about that. Oh no, no. That was altogether different; a great pity he hadn't been beastly long ago. Steady!

"I've been thinking, Madeleine," he said hastily. "I've been thinking that I must take a real vacation this year."

HE hurried on to tell her his startling idea of twenty minutes ago before it paled into a ridiculous notion. "You remember I've spoken of my father's cousin, Mona Ross, who married a man called Galbraith in some English Army outfit in India. Well, he had a country place in Scotland where they went back to live and she's dead, of course, but he's alive the last I heard and I've been thinking it's no good my taking a vacation on this side with the usual gang and within reach of the office. What I need is a real change, and you're tired, too, darling, so what I'm saying is, why not cable this Galbraith guy and ask if he can put us up for a few days, and we might take one of the cars with us and drive around the country. We could spend the whole of August together. August would be best."

Madeleine stared at him in astonishment.

"Scotland!" she said. "Why, that's a barbarous country. I believe the food is even worse than England—bannocks and haggis and porridge, and those self-righteous prigs of people. Now Europe would be different, not this year but next perhaps. I would so love to see Rome again, and eat French omelettes and food and drink Chablis and go to Salzburg to the Festival. But Scotland!" She looked at Digby with genuine horror.

"Edinburgh has a festival now, too," said Digby. "Scotland is such

a beautiful country,—everyone says." He did want to persuade Madeleine. "The home of Walter Scott and Burns and John MacNab!"

"The one wrote the dullest novels, and the second was only a lustful ploughman. I've no idea who the third was."

"He was a famous Buchan character," said Digby with mounting resentment. "And why shouldn't a lustful ploughman be a poet, if I may ask?"

"You may ask, and he can try. I'm sorry, Digby, I wouldn't dream of going to Scotland."

Madeleine smiled. She had not forgiven him and she would not forgive him. "I'm going to bed."

"I shall go alone in that case," Digby said. Decisions had never been difficult for him. He made this fateful one very easily.

She turned at the door. "Why go alone?" she said softly, viciously. "Why not take Miss Prendergast?"

"*Miss Prendergast?* But I have no business interests over there. What would I want Miss Prendergast for?"

"That was what I wondered when I heard this evening about the brooch you gave her from Cartier's. Emeralds and diamonds, wasn't it? What a lucky secretary!"

"Wait, Madeleine! I can explain. Not that there's anything to explain. I was unpardonably rude to Miss Prendergast the other morning. So I brought her the booch—bought her the brooch." Damn! He went close to Madeleine. He retreated.

"A thousand dollars or so does seem a generous apology, particularly when Miss Prendergast is paid an enormous salary to endure your little outbursts. That's her job, isn't it? That's my job, too—unpaid—as you said earlier this evening."

"It wasn't anything like a thousand," Digby said. "Besides, Miss Prendergast gives me most devoted exemplary service. She never nags me, never complains. She is wholeheartedly jobbed up in her wrap." He was too angry and too proud to correct himself.

Madeleine smiled sweetly. "Ermine, I suppose. I can't say I admire your taste, Digby. Of course, she may look better without her spectacles."

"Are you crazy?" he said slowly. "Surely you know there's nothing whatsoever between Miss Prendergast and me." Why had he spent all that money on her? Why hadn't he realized she would show it off, and those women, all those damned women, would gossip, and some fool like Tim Manning would tell his bitch of a wife? I'll break Manning, he thought, *I'll break him.*

"I know nothing about you," Madeleine said. "All these years you pretend to be patient and everyone says dear Digby, so nice and kind, what a model husband, always perfect Digby, looking so sad when other people aren't perfect. Then suddenly you show your true colours. You make a laughing stock of me; you treat me like a slave; you assault me; you get drunk."

"I'm as sober as a lord," Digby said. But accountably and all of a sudden he was under the influence of drink for the first time since college days. Alcohol was storming at his tormented brain. He glared at his wife. "You're a spoilt, selfish, stupid little woman," he said clearly, losing the last vestiges of self-control. "Thank God you're not my secretary." He advanced upon Madeleine. He would show her. Yes, he would.

She fled across the hall, slammed the bedroom door in his face, locked it. Digby ran to the dressing-room, through that, just too late, the other key turned, too. He shook the handle. "Let me in!" he hollered.

"You're a drunken beast," cried Madeleine from the other side. "You've wrecked my life. I've seen it coming for a long time. Well, this is the end. I shall leave you tomorrow!"

DIGBY P. ROSS was a whole-hearted man, and he set about the preparations for his vacation with fanatical efficiency. He cabled Colonel Galbraith, received an answer, shipped the Cadillac, startled his board of directors, briefed the executive vice-president, booked his air-passage, delivered the Boston speech, and did many other things.

He sent for Tim Manning. "I understand you have been spreading malicious gossip about me," he said, without preliminaries, to that startled gentleman. "To be specific, I understand you told your wife that I had given my secretary an expensive brooch, and you said, with slanderous implications, that it was a good joke in the office. Did you?"

"Why, Digby," Manning stammered. "Why, if I ever mentioned such a thing I certainly didn't intend. . . ."

"Listen to me," said the new Digby. "I will not tolerate disloyalty at any level in our organization. I made you personnel vice-president last year. I have not been satisfied with your work. I am less satisfied now. Unless there is a most noticeable improvement, I shall break you without the slightest compunction. Thanks for coming in."

Mr. Manning tottered from the office.

And now Miss Prendergast. "Your air-ticket, Mr. Ross. Your passport. The traveller's cheques. The automobile forms. The heavy baggage receipts. The grocery invoices from Charles's. The Customs clearance receipts. The international driving licence. The Cadillac will be waiting at Prestwick Airport tomorrow morning. I think that's everything."

Everything, Digby thought; just about everything.

They flew east in the evening to a twilit Gander, down and into that apotheosis of station waiting-rooms, where people sit in dim rows on imitation leather, metallic voices summon, the Cabinet Minister is another airborne sheep, the barman shakes good cocktails at 3 a.m., before the evening meal, lordly captains stalk past at the head of crews, babies cry importunately, and great planes roar without.

There were stars and a chilly wind, no moon. Digby followed all the others to the plane. She was enormously silent and powerful on double wheels, lights gleaming, tanks full and the captain's square face far away up front, looking out of his window, ready to take her, to cajole her, to pamper his giant mistress of the ocean air.

Gander fell away. They climbed brightly in darkness to the east, less brightly as the cabin lights went out one by one, and chairs were tilted back. All were prisoners of the air, free to smoke cigarettes, to go to the toilet, to attempt sleep.

Digby was wakeful. He drank coffee and tried to look at a magazine and watched the exhausts, and sometimes the steward came to chat with him, and sometimes the stewardess, and somehow the night went.

It was daylight. They flew on with

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SAUCE

muted thunder. Digby drew his curtains now for sleep when others woke.

He slept until they began the long slant. He ate bacon and an egg. He shaved with the airline shaver.

Now bumping in the clouds, white, grey, dark, rain streaking on the window, half an hour, twenty minutes, well ahead of schedule, nearly due. Surely the land coming now. Surely. But it was sea that broke first in wisping cloud, a rough sea, then land, as the whine sounded for those wheels on spindly shanks to fall, to slow, to lock, the wing flaps whining, too, a wet runway, and the hanging, the hanging, the touch of spurting tyres, nose falling, speed dwindling in a last reversible roar at Prestwick, Scotland.

Digby drove in the afternoon, by way of Perth, Dunkeld, Pitlochry, from a lush country ready for harvest, to a crossing of the dark River Tay; to a winding road in pines and spruce and larch above the Tummel, then into the real Highland country where heather was in bloom, and small sheep scuttled from the road, and men and girls on low-slung bicycles pedalled grimly uphill.

The afternoon had turned fine, clouds were dark in sunlight, and Digby cruised north in his green Cadillac with the top down.

He wondered again about his host, about this Colonel Galbraith who was his cousin-in-law, and who had replied so strangely to Digby's lengthy, polite, diffident cable inviting himself for a few days yet making a refusal easy. The colonel's reply cable had stated: "BRING VIRGINIA HAM SCOTCH WHISKY. GALBRAITH."

Terse, explicit, but somewhat lacking in finesse, somewhat rude. It rang a warning bell every time he thought about it. *They're out to plunder me*; they'll fleece me because I'm an American; they'll take what they can get and not say thank you.

Nevertheless, the Cadillac's capacious trunk was full of ham, whisky and other good things.

He drove along a valley through small grey towns, past hillsides lately stripped of lumber, past young plantations. Even the blackened tree-stumps, row on row, seemed neat to Digby's eye, but there was no neatness in the wild and sombre barrier of mountains, where snow lingered in gullies on August 10, after the height of summer.

He came to the signpost:

TO GLENDROGAN ET AL.
DANGER SHUT GATES
PROCEED OWN PERIL

Digby read this alarming notice several times, and drove on slowly. The road was narrow but the surface good. For a mile or two it skirted pine woods, climbing out of the valley where small fields of oats were still green.

Then round a shoulder, hooting carefully, into steep descent. As he went down, Digby saw a different country altogether. Below him was a river, here black and smooth, then foaming brown over rock and boulder. It wound from side to side of the miniature valley which seemed to end abruptly in a hill-face a mile ahead.

But here was the first gate in a wall of loose grey stone. Digby got out to open it. He was confronted on the other side by a herd of the most ferocious cattle he had ever seen. Their coats were tremendously shaggy, horns menacingly wide and straight. Their eyes gleamed through hairy mantles with what seemed fanatical interest. They came closer.

"Steady!" Digby said to himself as he went back to the car. He drove through, and now these monstrous animals clustered round him. They stared with lowered heads, jaws not moving. "Oh, my God!" he muttered. Any moment they would charge the Cadillac and make mechanical mincemeat of it.

But Digby had courage. He got out of the car and walked to the gate and clanged it shut. And then he walked back, his scalp prickling. He was safely in the driving-seat; moved the lever to drive. Four of the creatures barred the road. "Shoo!" shouted

"I can't see what pleasure they get out of scorching along like that"

Digby. He was pretty safe now. "Scram, you ugly bums!"—using, in his relief, expressions quite alien to him. They paid no attention whatsoever. He inched his way forward to touch them, to push them gently, to push them harder. The car stalled.

Tawny, silent bulls surrounded him. One put out a slavery tongue to lick the mirror. There was only one thing to do. Digby sounded a long blast on the horn. One moment, hairy monsters close on every side; the next, a rampaging stampede. They took off in every direction; a hoof clanged on the glossy flank of the Cadillac. "Oh, dear," Digby said. It was an ugly dent, a bad beginning. He wiped his brow, wondering what would be the next thing.

But nothing else happened, and he came to the abrupt hill-face. There was a river junction and a bridge. One ancient signpost said "Balgersho," and a road swung left along that river under the hill. The other and newer sign said "Glendrogan." He followed the narrower, deeper, darker river to the right. At once he was in a gorge, desolate and forbidding, and the hillsides rose almost vertically—shale, rock, scant grass.

Digby was sensitive to atmosphere. He felt instantly that there was murder in the air of this defile, that wickedness had happened and would happen under the cold eye of the eagle and the timorous eye of the deer. It was beautiful. It was lonely. He heard a croaking. Far above him a dark bird swung—the raven, bird of ill-omen. He sighed. He wondered if he would love this grim country or hate it.

The gorge ended as abruptly as it had begun. It widened to a glen between high hills. There was a second gate, then a third, no more cattle, but black-faced sheep. It could not be far now to Glendrogan. The time was six o'clock. Digby had seen no human being and no habitation in these last miles.

"Hey!" Was that a shout? "Hey!" again. He stopped. The two men were directly under him. One of them waved, then went on fishing. He was a short man in a kilt, bald and heavily moustached. His companion wore a bright-checked knickerbocker suit and hat. Digby braked and waited in the car.

Was this Colonel Galbraith, his host? All he knew about the man was gleaned from a snapshot that Cousin Mona had once sent from India. She towered over a bald, square husband beside a dead tiger. It was a very poor photograph. This man with the vivid complexion was square and bald. The other one, his long shadow, was bearded. Now the colonel, if it was he, reeled in his line. Both turned and picked their way from rock to rock upstream again.

"That's the best of it," he called. "You Ross?" A peremptory bellow above the tumbling rush of water.

"Yes," Digby replied. He waited a long moment while the two of them climbed the bank.

"I'm Galbraith," said the colonel, shaking hands vigorously. "I thought you must be him in that enormous barouche. The river's up a foot since this morning, but nothing doing. Well, how are you? How did you get on? Did you fly from America last night?"

"Yes," said Digby.

"How about that, MacLagan?" The colonel turned to his companion. "What d'you think of that? Back home in God's country one evening, home on the range, and here the very next. Not bad going, eh?"

"It's a sign of the age, I'm thinking," remarked Mr. MacLagan. He was a portentously handsome man.

"This is MacLagan, my head stalker, ghillie, general *bête-noire* and God knows what not. MacLagan, this is Mr. Ross. Digby P., isn't it, as you people like to be called? What does the P. stand for?"

"How d'you do, Mr. MacLagan," said Digby, escaping the colonel's barrage. "This is fine country."

"It is so," said MacLagan, shaking hands. "Would Mr. Ross be making his first visit to the Highlands?"

"Yes," Digby said.

"Let's get cracking, then," said the colonel. "We might try the Piper's for a minute again on the way up. Hop in the back, MacLagan."

MacLagan seated himself with dignity in the back of the Cadillac. They drove up the wooded glen in silence until the colonel said: "Here we are," at a pool below fast water. "Can you fish, Digby P.?"

"I can try," he said, vastly surprised and excited at being given a chance right away immediately like this. "But I know nothing about salmon."

"That's a relief," said the colonel. "You take him, MacLagan. I shall watch from this gilded chariot."

Digby went with his mentor to the water's edge. It was a small pool, dark and quiet; you could imagine salmon teeming in the depths.

"There's just the one chance at this height of water," MacLagan said. "See the swirl of yon rock?"

The swirl was in midstream, a break in the smoothness of surface, but the rock was submerged.

"Yes."

"If there's a fish in the pool, that's where he'll be today. But a poor chance for Mr. Ross after the colonel's been over the water. We'll try the Blue Charm."

Digby's heart began to thump. Suddenly he was all here, and no part of him remained in his native land. He was absolutely certain that there would be a salmon and he would hook it.

He started above the rock. The big two-handed rod was stiff. He made some poor casts, but no tangle yet. "Enough line," said MacLagan. "Now take a step down at each cast. Mr. Ross is doing fine."

Digby was encouraged. He took one step, two, watching the line swing across above the rock into slack water. A third step, a fourth, and this time he could just see the fly skid through that tiny dip downstream of the rock. Nothing happened.

But at the sixth step something did happen. The line checked, was still for a moment; then it tightened. There was a mild tug.

"What is it?" said Digby. Surely not a salmon.

"You're into a fish," said MacLagan. "Strike as soon as you feel him. Just firm."

Another tug. Digby raised the point of his rod, not quite believing. Then he believed. The line cut a spraying V across the pool, swung downstream, reel screaming, slack again.

"Take in," cried MacLagan.

Digby reeled in as fast as he was able.

"Bravo!" It was the colonel approaching.

The salmon made a second run. "Be easy on him," said MacLagan.

"Be firm;" wheezed the colonel. "Keep him in the pool. Keep the point of the rod up. Fight him!"

"Let him wear himself out," cried MacLagan. "Man, you'll break him. Be easy now."

Such diametrically opposite advice from two experts confused Digby utterly. As a result, he was hard or easy on the fish according to the latest words of command. The last order before disaster came unfortunately from Colonel Galbraith: "Let the fish know who's master!" he shouted.

Digby determined to be master. Just at that moment, the salmon jumped like a silvery bow, three feet clean out of the water, corkscrewing for liberty.

"Point down!" shouted both men in agonized agreement.

But Digby was still being master. The line twanged, the salmon splashed and all was limply silent.

"The curmel aye knows best," said MacLagan with bitterness. "A twenty-pounder."

He took the rod from Digby, reeled in and stumped off alone along the bank.

"Now he's in a huff," said the colonel. "Bloody old idiot. You have to be firm on them, Digby P. I don't hold with this velvet glove nonsense. But always drop the point of your rod when a fish jumps. Well, never say die. Better luck next time. Now we'll go home." He raised his voice. "Come on, MacLagan!"

MacLagan muttered, but came. He seated himself once more in the back seat and stared fixedly across the glen. He was extraordinarily biblical and forbidding.

"This is a good road," Digby said.

"Fair. Why wouldn't it be?"

"I expected something much worse after the notice back there at the highway."

"Oh, that! That's my dodge to keep the trippers out. They've a right of way, you know, but they're a perfect damned nuisance, leaving the gates open and paper all over the place, and bonfires, and embracing in plain view, and this and that and the next thing. So I discourage them—one, by the notice; two, by Highland cattle. Did you encounter the creatures?"

"Yes," Digby said. "They barred the way. In fact I stalled the car against several of them."

"They stalled this juggernaut? Impossible. Why, they're the most phlegmatic, amiable oxen imaginable, totally belying their appearance. They long

to be patted and petted. What happened then?"

"I blew the horn, and they stampeded. One kicked the car on your side."

Colonel Galbraith peered over to look at the dent. He lay back and shook speechlessly with merriment while they drove farther in the evening sunlight.

What an unattractive little man, Digby thought. With that absurd, twitching, vaudeville moustache! He had taken a dislike to Colonel Galbraith.

"Turn up here."

Digby turned into massive gates and along a drive flanked by rhododendrons. The moor rose steeply to the north, but down below it was green country of woods and fields. "Stop. This is MacLagan's mansion."

Digby drew up. "Home again," said the colonel. "Time for a noggin. High time for your lemonade, MacLagan."

DIGBY got out and pulled forward his seat to let MacLagan disembark with the salmon-rod, fishing-bag and gaff. "Mr. Ross did well," he said, inclining his head slightly and touching his hat. He did not look at his employer. "Good night, Mr. Ross."

Digby said good night. They drove yet farther.

"MacLagan's a rabid teetotaller," said the colonel, "and a conceited, dogmatic old humbug into the bargain. But he knows his stuff, I must admit. I hope you can take your drink like a man, Digby P."

"I hope so," Digby said. Digby P.! Was that to be his fate?

They arrived at Glendrogan House. It was long and rambling, built of sandstone. It stood against a hill and faced south across the valley. Lawns, flowerbeds, pines, copper beech, croquet hoops, rock garden. They stopped in a swish of gravel. There was one other car, minute and ancient. "Ho, ho," said Galbraith. "The Queen is with us. Come to sponge supper, I'll bet."

The front door opened. An exceedingly plain girl appeared. She bulged dumpily in kilt and sweater.

"Come and shake hands with Digby P.," commanded the colonel. She obeyed, staring unwaveringly. "This is m'daughter, Elspeth."

"I'm delighted to meet you," Digby said with his infallible courtesy, and looked so. Inwardly he thought: Can they all be this plain?

The girl shook hands dumbly. She was the spitting image of the colonel —but with a head of mousy hair, no moustache, no animation.

"Ah, and here's the Queen of the Highlands."

The word "Queen" for the second time struck into him.

"I've asked you before not to call me that," said a contralto voice irritably. Digby turned.

They were not all plain. He saw before him a girl, a woman, of unimaginable beauty. His romantic heart had sounded loud at the prospect of a salmon. At this prospect it beat a thunderous tattoo.

Digby had never known, enjoyed, or suffered the sweets of bloody wickedness. Not that he was a prude exactly. Temptation had murmured a few times in his ear, but always his impeccable octopus made him say No, and always Madeleine near at hand, far more attractive than any other woman.

Now Madeleine was thousands of miles away, estranged from him; now he was in an alien land at the age of forty-one, far from the myriad shackles of decorum. Now, in short, he was ripe for temptation. In the twinkling of an eye, before he had even said how d'you do, he was seized by passion.

The girl, the Queen of the Highlands as she did not like to be called, wore a kilt of gold and green and scarlet. Her height was medium. Her hair was an unruly mane of auburn. Her face and neck and limbs were finely tanned. Her shoulders were broad, her hips curved slimly, her waist an isthmus. Her green sweater was a clarion call. At the extremities of long legs she wore golden socks and stout black brogues. At her throat was a great Highland brooch, a circle of silver fully four inches across, and in the centre of that a noble stag, standing broadside.

She stared back at Digby from green eyes, her nose tilted at the tip, her mouth wide, generous, full lipped. *Life!* she said silently. *Life is love.*

The colonel was speaking: "M'niece," he said. "My sister's gel. Fiona Kilburnie of the Birks, Chief of Clan Kilburnie, Hereditary Keeper of the Royal Stags, etcetera, etcetera, in fact Mistress of all she surveys. Fiona, my poppet, this is Mr. Ross, Digby P. Ross of New York City, my dear wife's cousin once removed. The P's a secret, isn't it, Digby P.?"

Yes, the P. was a secret, damn the little man. They shook hands. Digby said none of the conventional things which came sincerely to his lips at ordinary meetings. He said nothing at all, nor did she. A thousand volts shot up his arm and stormed his system. Neither of them smiled. He knew with certainty, just as he had known down at the river that he would hook a salmon, he knew with certainty that this woman was for him.

"How did you come, Mr. Ross?" Her voice rose and fell over the few words.

"I came by plane," Digby said.

"Did you have a good crossing?"

"Yes," he said. "It's wonderful flying to meet the dawn miles and miles up there above the clouds."

"I believe you're quite a poetic sort of chap," said the colonel. "A poet from the land of plumbing. Wonders will never cease. Well, come on in and let's have a peg. I hope you brought some whisky. We can hardly buy the stuff here because of dollars for the English."

"I did bring some," Digby said, feeling a little more kindly to the colonel who thought him poetic; or a little less unkindly. "Shall I get a case out now?"

"No, no, young feller. Later will do. Come inside and find your room. Where did you put him, Elspeth?"

"The Blue Room," said Elspeth Galbraith. She seemed almost mute, but was sturdy. She swung two suitcases out of the back of the car and led the way into the house. Digby brought the others. The colonel carried the brief-case. Fiona Kilburnie of the Birks did not carry anything.

"After you," Digby said. Languorous, lazy-limbed, indolently gliding. Oh, goodness gracious. Could such a vision be this colonel's niece? He followed her into the hall.

IT was a large and gloomy room, entirely dedicated to the chase. Ruffed stags with mighty antlers stared down from every wall, salmon in glass cases, stuffed birds, paintings of deer, pictures of wild duck and geese, a meticulously executed portrait of two dead grouse hanging by the legs from a string. Death was everywhere, and death vied with Fiona in sending long shivers down Digby's spine.

He went through the hall after Elspeth, and along a cold stone passage, upstairs, another corridor, another.

"Blue Room," she said finally, putting down suitcases. "Bath's at the other end." She nodded her head back the way they had come. Elspeth departed.

Digby was alone. Events, impressions, thoughts, stirrings piled confusedly upon him. He looked out of the window at a patch of heather; he observed a chilly jug and basin; he noticed the four-poster bed and awful wallpaper; he opened a suitcase and brushed his hair; he found the bathroom.

Fiona, he thought desperately again and again. He stood once more at his window. It was incredible, but all the past was wiped clean on his slate.

What's happened to me? I've only seen the girl for one minute. How old is she? Around thirty. It's absurd nonsense. I must take a grip. It's impossible.

Poor Digby at the cross roads. But of course it was not impossible. It was altogether and completely possible, as everyone with sense knows.

To be continued next week

"Whoopee! Mother — we're at the seaside."
"Very nice too, but thank goodness a little Mansion quickly brightens the floor again."

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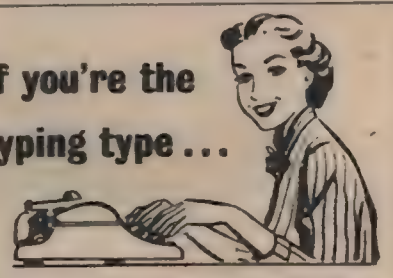

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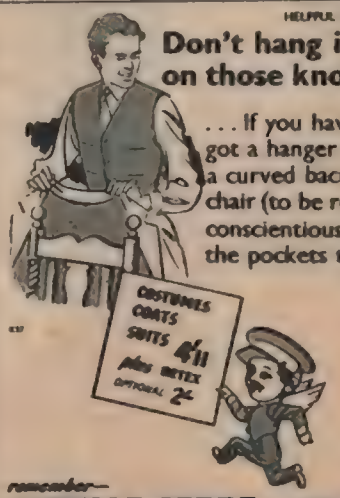

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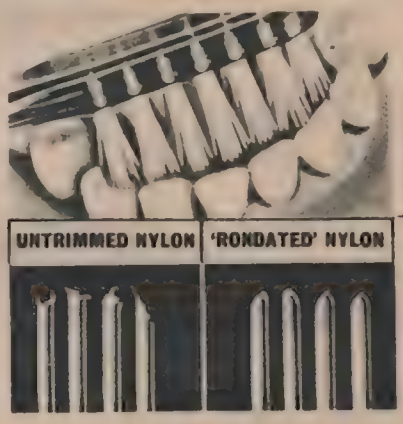

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Sunlight in the Evening

WHEN old couples who can no longer fend for themselves are compelled to live apart (and in these days of housing shortages and overcrowded homes, this happens very often) their constant need for each other casts a shadow over their lives, a shadow which only lengthens as time goes by. The Salvation Army's Darby and Joan homes, where husbands and wives can spend the evening of their lives happily together, are a complete answer to this problem. But we have only three of these homes at the moment—there is need for so many more!

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IN THE WET

Continued from page 17

then, sir?" In stalling, the machine would be poised momentarily at barely a hundred knots, before she fell into a dive and the speed rose again.

"Are you happy about stalling her at night, at only seven thousand, Nigger?"

David nodded. "I've stalled her on instruments several times. She comes out in about three thousand feet."

The group captain bit his lip.

The pilot said: "Would you like to ask her if she'd rather change her mind and land?"

"She wouldn't do that. She'd say, go ahead and stall it. She won't land anywhere outside the Commonwealth."

"There's Malta," David said. "We could make Malta in about fifty minutes, at low altitude."

The group captain was silent, and David was sorry for him in the decision that he had to make. At last he said: "We'll try stalling it, Nigger. Do it yourself, and send Ryder aft to tell them to hold on to something. If I can't get it out safely I shan't try. In that case, we'll go on to Malta."

David went up into the cockpit, and put down the hatch under the engineer's seat to check the rush of air when they took the plate off again, battening down Frank Cox with the engineer in the forward hold. He went to Ryder at the controls, and glanced at the window, but it was shut. He discussed the position briefly with the younger man. "The air was going backwards through the ventilation system," the younger man said. "It was going in here, instead of coming out." He pointed to the punkah louvre in front of him.

DAVID spoke to the engineer, who shut off the ventilation trunk at the main. Then he sent Ryder aft through the machine to tell the passengers to fasten their safety belts, and to explain personally to the Consort and the Queen what he was going to do. He sat at the controls, settling comfortably into his seat and fastening his own belt, and turned out the flight deck lights, and adjusted the dim instrument lights. Then he climbed to about nine thousand feet.

Ryder came back and slipped into the seat beside him. The pilots sat together in the dim light, peering forward into the darkness. David set the gyro to zero, checked the flap setting, throttled the outer engines, put the nose up a little, and slowed the machine to about a hundred and eighty knots. He held her so for a whole minute, to warn Cox and Cummings that the stall was imminent.

As he sat there in semi-darkness, concentrating on the small illuminated horizon bar before him and the zero figure on the gyro, he suffered an experience that he had had before in difficult test flying, and that he welcomed. He saw the instruments with only one small portion of his mind. The rest of him seemed to be seated in mid-air forty or fifty feet above and behind the rear fin and rudder of the machine. From there he could see the whole aeroplane spread out before him.

With the small portion of his mind he saw the second hand of the clock upon the panel creep to the end of the minute he was giving Frank Cox to prepare. In his heavenly seat he moved his hand and throttled both the inner engines, and he saw the glow from the exhaust tubes on the wing deepen in tone and die. He pulled back gently with both hands and saw the luminous blue nose of the machine rise to the horizon, and then he pulled back firmly and lifted it right up into the air.

For a second the Ceres hung poised nose up at a steep angle, virtually standing on her tail. It was incredible to see a blue aeroplane stand up like a fish rising to a fly. Then the nose dropped violently and a wing dropped; with the small portion of his mind the pilot saw the horizon bar rise and tilt quickly, and the gyro move around. From his heavenly seat David saw the wing drop and the spin commence.

His hand and foot moved gently and

"It's their first quarrel"

he saw the tail pipe of the port outboard engine glow and rise in colour till a long streak of blue flame came from it, and he saw the rudder move a few degrees to bring the wing up. She was nearly vertically nose down now, but he let her go. Poor old thing, she needed her speed. The spin was nearly checked, a trifle more from the port inner engine . . . so. He pulled the throttles back and the glow from the tail pipes died and now she was diving straight for the dark ground, and the turn had stopped.

He put his hand down to the flap control and eased back very gently on the wheel again.

The dark ground slipped backwards underneath them a long way below, and now she was nearly horizontal again.

He pressed forward slowly on the throttle levers of the inner engines as the blue wings met the light grey of the sky, and moved his hand upon the trimming wheel to keep them so.

He turned to Ryder by his side. "Keep her at about two hundred and thirty," he said. "I'm going to see what's happened below."

He slipped out of his seat and went to the hatch and opened it. Group Captain Cox stood up in the hole, and heaved himself out on the floor.

"Get rid of it, sir?"

The other nodded. "It fell away quite clear," he said, standing up. "I got it out before you actually stalled her, before she got to the top." He grinned. "I got the wind up that you'd catch it up in your dive."

He dusted his uniform a little, and straightened his tie. "I'll go back and tell them it's all over and done with."

David went back to his seat, but handed over to Ryder, and sat resting, tired with the strain of the last hour.

AT ten minutes past nine, they came to operating height somewhere over Rhodes and put the machine into the cruising trim. David strolled aft for a cup of coffee.

The doors of the Queen's cabin and the Consort's cabin were both shut. He found Rosemary awake, and sat down next to her.

"What was it like back here, when she stalled?" he asked. "Did anyone fall over, or get hurt?"

"Ryder and Jim Hansen came along and saw that we were all strapped in, and collected all the loose cases," she said. "I think Fethers was sick." Miss Fethers was the Queen's maid.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'll have a word with her as I go back. It was the only way we could get rid of the damn' thing."

She smiled at him, and he got up and went back to the flight deck, pausing to talk a little to Miss Fethers.

In the blackness of the night they passed over Nicosia and Beirut and Basra, and went on down the Persian Gulf past Bandar Abbas. As they cleared the Gulf of Oman the sky lightened ahead of them and forty minutes later the sun rose over the Arabian Sea. Soon after that, David put the Ceres on the long let down that would bring them to Colombo at a moderate height, and had another cup of coffee and a few biscuits.

He was sitting eating these in the pilot's seat when Frank Cox came to him.

"The Queen's coming in here," he said. "She's been talking to the passengers and the stewards in the saloon. She wants to talk to the rest of you here, on the flight deck, in five minutes' time. I'll take over."

There were a few minutes of hurried putting on of tunics and straightening of ties, and then the door opened, and the Consort and the Queen were there.

The Queen said in the clear voice that David knew so well: "First of all, I want to thank you all for what you did a few hours ago. When the Federal Government first suggested that they should give this aeroplane for the use of my Flight and that they should man it with an Australian crew, I knew that I should fly very safely. Now I have seen it proved. I do not think I can say very much more than that, except that I thank you with all my heart."

She paused. "And now I have a command for you, and it is this. You are not to talk about this bomb that was put into the aeroplane. You are not to say a word about it to your wives, or to your sweethearts, or to anybody at all. You are not to talk about it even between yourselves. It is to be forgotten. This is a royal command from myself to you, and if anybody should break it I shall be very severe. The world outside this aeroplane is not to know that this has happened."

She smiled at them. "But since we are friends, and since you boys have saved my life, I will tell you why this is. It is one of the occupational hazards of the throne of England, or of any other throne, that poor, distraught, unbalanced people think that their troubles will be rectified if they can kill their monarch." She paused. "But political murder has never been a fashion in our Commonwealth."

She looked around the faces of the young men. "I am convinced that this attempt upon my life, and yours, will prove to be the work of some unhappy person who deserves our sympathy. Unfortunately, it has come at a troubled time in England, when feelings are running high. It would not assist England to regain her balance if it should become known that my life has been attempted. Rather, the schisms which may heal in a few days might well become deeper, to the damage of England, to the damage of the Commonwealth. And so, it is my royal command to you that this thing is to be kept secret, absolutely. And this secrecy is to endure until I die." She smiled faintly. "After that, you can talk all you want to."

She looked at David. "Do you understand that, Captain?"

"Yes, madam," he said. "I shan't talk."

She looked at Ryder. "And you, Mr. Ryder?" And so she went to every member of the crew with the direct question, and David was surprised to see that she knew all their names.

In the end she smiled at them and said, "That is all, except, thank you again." She looked up at David. "Captain, will you please come to my cabin."

He followed her out of the flight deck and to her tiny cabin, and the Consort entered it with her, and David followed, and the Consort closed the door. And then she said: "Of all the people in the aeroplane I feel that you deserve our special thanks, Captain, for the care and the intuition that led you to discover our danger and for the skill with which you handled it. I have been thinking over what is the best way for me to recognize your services. Normally, I should have liked to bestow on you the Air Force Cross, for acts of gallantry and devotion to duty not in face of the enemy." She smiled. "But I see you already have it, and a bar to the Air Force Cross would be so unusual, I think, that it might lead to inquiry."

"Too right, madam," he said. "There aren't very many of those."

"So, Wing Commander," she said, "we have decided to commemorate your services by giving you a greater voice in the affairs of your country than is held by other men, since it appears to us that in wisdom and good sense you merit that distinction. We have confidence that the qualities that you have shown will be of value in matters of state far removed from aeroplanes or flying. So we have instructed our Secretary to draw up a Royal Charter for our signature, granting to you the Seventh Vote in elections for the Federal Government of Australia, and in elections for the government of any State of Australia in which you happen to reside. We do this with gratitude to you, and from the bottom of our heart."

She held out her hand, back upwards, and he divined what was intended and bowed low and kissed it rather clumsily.

THEY landed at Ratmalana in Ceylon at about nine o'clock by local time. While refuelling was going on, David had every article of luggage taken out of the machine, every food container, every kit of tools. When all these things were lying on the tarmac in the shade of the wing, he went through the aircraft on a tour of inspection with Frank Cox and Dick Ryder. Together they opened every box and cupboard and compartment in the aeroplane; by the end of half an hour they were satisfied. Then, as each piece of luggage was brought into the machine they opened it and searched it with the assistance of the owner before clearing it for the luggage bay.

When finally they were ready to take off again, they did so with the knowledge that the aeroplane was free of any further surprises.

When they landed at Fairbairn aerodrome, at Canberra, a few cars were waiting for them on the tarmac, but only a few because nothing had been published about the Queen's arrival. The Governor-General was there to meet her, and Mr. Hogan, the Prime Minister, but it was all very informal, and after a few words with them the Queen and the Consort drove off in a car for Tharwa.

It had been a hot day in Canberra, with the thermometer up somewhere in the nineties, and the night was warm and balmy, and scented with the fragrance of the gum trees and the wattles. David drove to the Canberra Hotel and walked up the steps into the lounge of the hotel carrying his

suitcase, and there in the desert of small tables and empty chairs, Rosemary was waiting for him. A great Christmas tree stood in the lounge beside her, decorated with imitation frost and snow.

She said, "We've got the same rooms as before, Nigger. I got them to produce a couple of bottles of lemonade out of the ice chest. I thought you'd like a drink of something."

He said: "You shouldn't have stayed up."

"I shouldn't sleep if I went to bed just yet. I thought it would be nice to sit out in the garden for a bit, till we get sleepy."

He nodded. "Let me go and put this case down, and wash my face. I'll join you in five minutes."

When he came to her again, he found her sitting in a deck chair in the garden quad, with a tinkle of water by her where somebody had left a sprinkler on all night. He sat down by her side, and took the glass she handed him.

"What day is this, David?"

He thought for a minute. "Christmas Day was Monday," he said. "This is Wednesday morning."

"Then it's this evening that Tom Forrest is broadcasting in England," she said. "Can we listen to that?"

"Oh yes—it'll be put out on the short waves and re-broadcast here. I'll see if I can borrow a portable. It's going to be very important, is it?"

She nodded. "I don't know what he isn't going to say, now that he's left alone and in the saddle."

"Probably a good thing."

"I think it may be," she said slowly. "I think it may be time that somebody spoke plainly to the people."

THEY sat in the quiet darkness for a time, not speaking, listening to the tinkling of the water. Presently she said: "We must go to bed, David. You must be terribly tired." She got to her feet. "Come on, or you'll be asleep here."

He got to his feet with her. "I'm right," he said. "I shan't want rocking, though."

She turned to him. "David, were you very frightened when you found that thing in the machine?"

"I think I was," he said. "I thought that we were all going to be killed."

She nodded. "Would you have minded very much?"

"I would," he said. "Very much indeed. If she'd been killed in my aeroplane, with me, it would have been my fault. And there's another thing."

"What's that, David?"

He smiled down at her. "If I'd been killed I couldn't have married you and bullied you into giving me a family. And I'm still hoping to do that one day."

"What a thing to say!" She slipped into his arms and put her face up, and he kissed her. "I don't think it'll be long now," she said at last. "I think she'll probably be here for something like six months. If that's right, I could chuck the job in and not hurt her."

He kissed her again. "It can't be too soon for me."

Next morning, in the R.A.A.F. mess, he got hold of a copy of the *Canberra Times*, black with headlines about the Queen's Christmas broadcast, about her arrival in Australia, about the appointment of Tom Forrest and about the political repercussions in England.

He did not see Rosemary until he was sitting in the lounge before dinner. She came to him there, cool and fresh. "I went down with Gillian to bathe," she said. "We had a lovely swim. Have you been back long?"

"I came back about four o'clock," he said. "I got a portable radio. He's coming on the air about quarter past seven tomorrow morning, by our time. Where would you like to listen?"

"Let's listen in one or other of our rooms, Nigger. I'll be up before then."

He nodded. "All right. I'll bring it along to your room soon after seven."

He went to her room next morning just after seven o'clock, fully dressed and carrying the radio, which he had already tried out in his own bedroom. She was dressed and waiting for him, but her room was still in intimate disarray, the bed unmade, her pyjamas thrown down upon the sheets, the faint scent of her powder in the air. He forced his mind from these distractions and put down the radio and turned it on. The announcer spoke, and then, after a pause, the room was filled with the harsh, virile tones of the field-marshal.

They sat listening in silence. Reception was fairly good, and only a few sudden surges in the volume indicated that the speaker was on the far side of the world.

Twenty minutes later the harsh voice ceased, and David turned the radio off.

"Well, that's it," he said. "He's given them electoral reform, or else."

"He's got no right to say a thing like that," she expostulated. "England is the Commonwealth. He's got no right even to suggest that the other countries could do without her."

"He didn't exactly say that," the pilot replied thoughtfully. He grinned. "He certainly hits pretty hard. Did you notice that he said that 'I have summoned my Parliament to meet on Monday.' His Parliament. I suppose it is, now."

"I think it's simply outrageous," she said angrily. "It's the Queen's Parliament, not his."

"He's her representative."

ROSEMARY paused for a moment. "I suppose legally he may be right, but it's not the thing to say. He's not the King, and he's no right to speak like one. This government won't support that kind of an Address from the Throne, or Governor-General's speech, rather."

"He'll probably get himself another government, then. He's free to do exactly what he thinks is the right thing, and if he gets bumped off or gets the sack for doing it, that's too bad. But he's got nothing to lose."

"No," she said. "He's got nothing to lose." She paused, and then she said: "I wonder if that's what's been wrong with the Monarchy in England? Too much to lose?"

"In what way?" he asked.

She said slowly: "It's only the Monarchy that holds the Commonwealth together. If there was no Monarch the countries of the Commonwealth would fall apart, and each go its own way. The Queen knows that well enough, and she'll never have that happen. She'd never force a quarrel with the House of Commons to the point when she and all her family would abdicate, because that would mean the destruction of the Commonwealth. I wonder if that's prevented her from ruling England as a Queen should rule? I wonder . . ."

He glanced at her in inquiry. "What do you wonder?"

She smiled a little whimsically. "It'd be a funny thing if England got a King again this way. A real Monarch for a change, the first since Queen Victoria."

They sat in silence for a time. "I wonder what's going to happen on Monday?" he said at last. "When Parliament meets? He's giving them the Governor-General speech in person—didn't he say that?"

A phrase came back into the pilot's mind. "That while Her Majesty would wish to visit every one of her Dominions from time to time, she would devote the greater part of her attention to those Dominions most advanced in their political development."

"That was it," the girl said. "How dare he say a thing like that!"

He grinned. "Stirring times," he said. "I don't suppose anything like this has happened for a long, long time in England."

"No," she replied. "We're living in history, Nigger. We shan't be in the books, because we're not very important people. But we're in it just the same, in it up to the neck and all the time."

He took her hand. "Too right," he said. "Doesn't it rile you?"

"What, David?"

He smiled down at her. "To have all this nonsense going on just as we decided to fall in love."

"It's more important than us, David."

"Not to me, it isn't," he replied.

They went to breakfast together, and afterwards he saw her off to Tharwa in the car.

He saw little of her for the rest of the week. The Consort turned up at the aerodrome unexpectedly with Frank Cox on Friday, apparently for no other purpose than to look at the aeroplane and to give David a general invitation to use the swimming pool at Tharwa any time he cared to do so.

The pilot said: "It's very good of you, sir. Can I take Miss Long?"

"Of course."

FOR a few minutes they walked around the aeroplane, watching the polishers at work upon the wing. David asked: "Any idea when the next job's likely to be, sir? If there's likely to be a fortnight or so, I'll give some leave."

The Consort said: "It may be necessary for you to go and fetch Princess Anne from Sagana, and bring her here. I'll let you know."

Rosemary had an afternoon off on Saturday and David picked her up at about twelve o'clock and drove her out to Tharwa. They lunched with Macmahon in the Secretary's apartments, and changed there, and went out in bathing costumes and dressing-gowns down through the rose garden in the hot sun to the pool. They spent the afternoon there, alone and undisturbed.

He saw little more of her the next week, but on the following Monday they met as usual in the hotel lounge.

"I'm going out to Tharwa again this evening," she told him. "This is the big night."

"Tom Forrest's giving his Governor-General's speech?"

She nodded. "Nine o'clock by our time. She's speaking to Lord Marlow after it's over, and she wants us to take down the conversation so that she can look it over quietly. Then the debate in the Commons begins at one in the morning by our time, and she'll be speaking to him every hour or so from then on. She wants all those conversations taken down."

DAVID said: "Tom Forrest will never unseat the government. They've got a majority of over two hundred in the House of Commons."

"I know," she said. "But he's gone over the head of the government by broadcasting to his people. I don't know what's going to happen, but everybody thinks it's going to happen quickly."

He gave her dinner and took her to the car and saw her off for Tharwa, and then he went to bed. He read for a time, and presently he slept.

He got up at six o'clock. He had arranged with Rosemary that she would slip a note under his door when she went to bed if there was any important news, but there was no note there. He went and had a shower, and shaved and dressed.

While he was putting on his jacket a note was pushed under the door. He opened the door, and there was Rosemary. "It's over, Nigger," she said. "The government was defeated on an amendment to the Address in Reply."

She was pale and tired, with dark rings under her eyes, but she was jubilant. "What does that mean?" he asked.

"Iorwerth Jones's government has resigned," she said, "or it's resigning now. It's all over bar the shouting."

He was amazed. "But how did that happen, with the majority they had?"

She laid her hand against the jamb of the door to steady herself in her fatigue. "Nearly half the government members voted for the Opposition amendment," she said. "Two hundred and nine of them voted against their

own party, and fifty-eight abstained. There was a majority of over two hundred and fifty for the amendment—that's for electoral reform."

"Why did they do that?" he asked.

"It's the Queen," she said. "It's been a terrible shock to the people, the Queen going and the Governor-General being appointed. The bulk of the back benchers knew the feeling in their constituencies, and there doesn't seem to be any doubt about it now. The country wants electoral reform."

"What happens next?" he asked.

"There'll be another government," she said, "pledged to introduce a multiple voting system."

"You'll have to get to bed and get some sleep," he said. He took her to her room. "Have you had any breakfast?" he asked.

She said: "I had some snacks in the middle of the night."

He paused at her door. "Can I get you something now—a tray?"

She smiled at him. "Dear Nigger. I could drink about a pint of milk and eat a few biscuits. I don't want any more than that."

He nodded. "You get to bed, and I'll get it. How long will you be?"

"Five minutes," she said.

He went to the kitchen, and met the staff just coming on duty. He persuaded them to give him a jug of cold milk and a plate of biscuits, and carried them through the hotel back to her room. She was in bed and sitting up in a hot-weather nightdress which rather disturbed him, but she was evidently very tired and he repressed the sally that came into his mind. "I got your breakfast," he said. He put it down upon the bedside table.

She said: "Thank you so much. I'm going to sleep the clock round, I believe." She took a sip of milk. "David, have they said anything to you about going anywhere?"

He nodded. "We're staying in readiness to go to Kenya to fetch Princess Anne here."

"Oh—they've told you. She's going to have a talk with Anne this morning. Charles is on his way here now, with Wing Commander Dewar."

That was news to the pilot. "Is he?"

She nodded. "She spoke to him about an hour ago, just before I left. She's getting them all together for a sort of family conference." She drank a little of the milk. "Sit down and talk to me for a minute, Nigger, till I go to sleep," she said. He sat down on the bed, and took one of her hands.

"You're very tired," he said quietly. "Will you stay in bed tomorrow, too, if I'm away?"

She smiled. "It's the reaction. But I'm nothing like so tired as she is, Nigger. I don't believe that she's slept properly for the last month."

"I know," he replied. "But if she's as tired as that she'll need a rest, and she won't need you in the office."

"She needs a rest all right," the girl said. "But this is the climax of it, and from now onwards both the Queen and England will be in calm water."

He stroked her hand. "Would you be able to leave and marry me now?"

She nodded. "I think so. I think when we've all recovered from this thing a bit I could have a talk with Macmahon, and then perhaps start training up someone else."

"Will the Queen be staying here some time?" he asked.

She nodded. "She won't go back to England until England's settled down, and probably not till they've had a General Election under the new franchise." She drank the last of the milk and put the glass down, and sat holding his hand. Presently her eyelids dropped, and she jerked herself awake.

He bent and kissed her. "Go to sleep now," he said softly. "If I have to go to Kenya or across the world before you wake again, you know that I'll be thinking of you all the way, and counting the hours till I can get back here again."

She clung to him for a minute. "Dear Nigger. Don't be away too long."

He kissed her again, and put her down sleepily upon the pillow.

He went back to his bedroom and pulled his own blind down, and lay down on the unmade bed again for an hour's sleep before the rigours of the day.

He knew as he drifted into sleep that he was one with Rosemary. Together they would make one splendid person; apart, both had been incomplete.

He slept very deeply. In his sleep he seemed to be drifting farther and farther away from her, and growing weaker and weaker. The time of separation grew immensely; it was no longer two days as he had thought it would be, or three days at the most. She was receding from him in time as he slept; he struggled to wake, but he was now too weak. She would be there for him to find again, and love, but many years away. As he grew weaker she receded farther; when first he slept he knew that she was only a few yards away, and if he needed her she would come. But now he needed her, needed her infinitely badly, and she could not come to him, and with the agony and disappointment he heard himself sobbing, and he felt the tears as they streamed down his face.

He needed Rosemary, and she could not come for thirty years or more. Only the animals had come, standing outside in the rain among the floods to watch him die. Only the animals and a dazed, delirious old bush brother who sat holding his hand while he sweated with malaria, touching him with a hand that shook from time to time with fever chills. . . .

His lips moved once again, and muttered, "Rosemary. . . ."

* * *

"Rosemary. Rosemary. . . ." I watched Stevie's lips as he muttered the name again and again.

"She'll come," I said wearily. It seemed I had been saying that all night.

Sister Finlay moved beside me, and

"Her awful bonnet tied on with string!" said DINAH SHERIDAN . . . to JOHN GREGSON

"DINAH dear, don't be catty. Genevieve has other attractions," said John Gregson with a wink at the Sound Recordist, John W. Mitchell.

"Such charm and personality!" said Mitchell, grinning back.

"*You two,*" *interrupted Dinah* "*make me tired. Listening to you, no one would believe that Genevieve was just a ramshackle, bone-shaking car built in nineteen-ten.*"

"Nineteen-four," corrected John. "But you must admit, Dinah, that Genevieve really has something."

* * *

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"All right," said Dinah, smiling. "But I've got something she hasn't got—have a Capstan?"

"Just what the director ordered," said Gregson. "Actually, driving that old ruin drives *me* crazy, but with a Capstan to encourage me I'm prepared to face even her tantrums."

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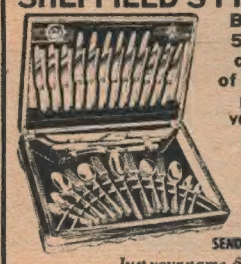

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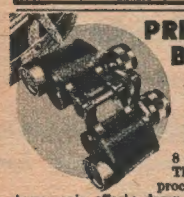

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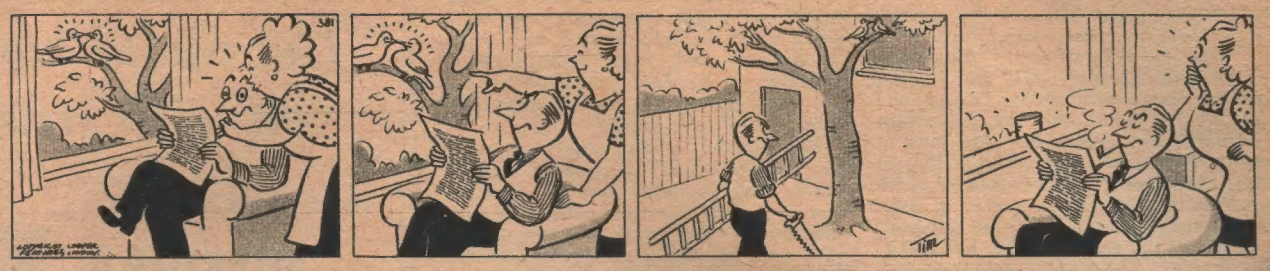
OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



she took his hand from mine, and held the pulse while she looked at her wrist watch in the grey light of the dawn. "He's practically gone now," she said softly.

I got up stiffly and stood in the doorway looking out into the clearing, and it was still raining. The wild dogs and the wild pigs, and the cattle, and the wallabies stood in a circle round the house in the grey, rainy dawn, watching the majesty of his passing.

A FEW days later, I was back at the hospital at Landsborough, still a little ill with fever and fatigue but very much better. I was anxious to have a headstone cut for Stevie's grave, and when Sergeant Donovan came to see me, I said: "There's one thing that I'm not clear about, and that's his name. The surname was Anderson, of course, but was he Stephen or David?"

The sergeant stared at me. "You've got that all mixed up, Mr. Hargreaves," he said slowly. "We haven't got an Anderson in Landsborough. His name was Stevie Figgins."

"But he told me that his name was Anderson!" I exclaimed. "Nigger Anderson. They called him Nigger, because he was a quadroon."

He shook his head. "A bloke like that, he'd say anything when he'd a skinful, Mr. Hargreaves. I can tell you, Stevie Figgins was the only name he had, and he wasn't a quadroon, either."

I took the matter a stage further with Sister Finlay when she brought me a cup of tea that evening. "Sister," I said, "I want to ask you something. Did you hear any of that long story Stevie told me before he died?"

She stared at me. "What story? I didn't hear any story."

"After we put the light out, to save the torch," I said. "I asked him about his relations, and he began telling me about . . . all sorts of things."

She shook her head. "He didn't say anything. I'm sure of that, Mr. Hargreaves."

"Nothing at all?"

"I don't think so. You were sitting there holding his hand, but neither of you said a thing. You went to sleep, Mr. Hargreaves, and I didn't wake you because I thought it was such a very good thing for you. You slept the whole night through."

It was fantastic, because I had seen her asleep. "You're sure you didn't go to sleep yourself?"

She was affronted. "Mr. Hargreaves! I've never slept upon a night case yet, and I hope I never shall!"

"I'm sorry," I said. "I can't make it out, because I thought he told me a long story, all about himself. . . ."

The Wet came to an end at last, and about the middle of March we got a succession of fine, cloudless days with a bright, hot sun. By the middle of April, I was able to get about my parish.

One trip took me southwards and westwards of Landsborough, travelling for the first day in the mail truck which was running again.

It must have been on May 9 or 10 that I was at Blazing Downs for the night, staying with Mr. and Mrs. Taggart. A stock route passes across one end of Blazing Downs about twenty miles from the homestead.

We were sitting gossiping over the remains of breakfast when a tall, fair-haired man, bearded, in a dirty blue shirt and strides, walked awkwardly on to the veranda.

Joe got up to greet him. "Come on in, Jock," he said. "Just in time for breakfast." He shouted through to the pantry. "Sunshine, go over to Cookie and ask him to give you another breakfast for Mr. Anderson."

He turned to me. "This is Jock Anderson, Brother, the drover on the stock route. Jock, this is Brother Hargreaves, from Landsborough."

The tall man shook hands. "They told me you would be coming," he said, and it was very evident that he was a Scot. "I was wondering now, would ye have time to ride over to the camp with me, Brother, to baptize a child?"

From behind me I heard Mrs. Taggart give an audible sniff.

I smiled. "Always got time to baptize a child, Jock," I said. "Whose child is it? Yours?"

"Aye," he said steadily, "it's mine. The wife's down there in the camp with it."

"I was going on to Wentworth today, Jock," I said. "You're somewhere down that way, aren't you?"

"I am eighteen miles to the north of Wentworth homestead," he told me. "Forbye, I took the liberty to bring a second horse up with me, Brother, in case you could come."

We settled that I should go back with him to the camp.

Before we left, Joe took me aside. "I'm sorry about that chap, Brother. He's living with a yeller girl. I'd have told you last night, only the wife's funny about that sort of thing."

"That's all right," I said. "I suppose that's why he didn't bring the baby here?"

He nodded. "The missus wouldn't like it."

We started off about the middle of the morning. Jock Anderson did not talk much on the way. He seemed a responsible sort of a man, apparently in demand by station managers.

We rode into his camp a couple of hours before sunset. He was camped by a waterhole with cattle and horses everywhere, of course. Normally he would have been travelling, but he had rested that day in order to get hold of me. His camp consisted of a tent for himself and his wife, and a humpy shelter made of gum tree boughs for his white ringer, Phil Fleming; his three Abos had swags and slept under the stars.

There was a rough cookhouse arranged against a bank, with a fireplace made of a few stones and a couple of iron bars, and here a girl was tending the fire. She was a half-caste, a coffee-coloured girl, very quiet and rather good looking. Perhaps in my honour she was wearing a bright red dress, and her long black hair was done up in a coil around her head.

SHE had the baby in an old American Army jungle hammock, which seemed to me a good sort of a cot for an infant on the trail; it had a waterproof roof to keep the sun off him and mosquito netting to keep off the flies, which were bad in that camp. They opened up this thing to show him to me, a well-developed boy several months old, not very dark in colour. I said: "My, he's a fine chap. When was he born?"

"January the ninth," said Jock. "At Robinson River, at about five in the morning."

January the ninth, I thought, was the third day after Epiphany, and five o'clock in the morning was the time when I had stood up, dazed and weary, to find the animals still standing round the house. . . .

They had a clean bucket, and I washed it and filled it with rather muddy water and set it on a tucker box draped with my little altar cloth, to serve as a font.

I stared down at the baby. "He looks very well," I said. "What are you going to call him?"

The girl looked up at her husband with one of her rare smiles, and he laughed self-consciously. "The wife had an idea when he was born she'd like to call him Stephen. But I thought I would choose to name him David, after my father. We're agreed upon that now."

It was imperative that I should hide any perturbation that I might feel and carry on with the business in hand. I turned to the girl. "You are quite happy about that name?" I asked.

She nodded. "David is his name."

There was no more to be said about it and my duty was quite plain; it was to baptize this child into Christ's holy Church. There seemed to be nothing to be gained by delaying, and so I told Jock Anderson that we would have the service right away before we ate, and he told the mother. He gave her name to me for the register: Mary Anderson.

There was a little difficulty about the godfathers and godmothers, because Jock had made no provision at all for those. But Phil Fleming, a black-haired, lean, gangling lad of twenty, was there and declared himself willing, so I had a talk with him privately and tried to make him understand what he was taking on. There was no godmother at all, but Mary was understood to say that her sister Phoebe would be godmother and that she had done it before, and so I allowed the mother to stand proxy for Phoebe, who apparently was working in a job at Chillagoe.

Then I got them all together and showed them where to stand and what to do, and I began my service.

I HAVE administered the baptism of infants many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of times since I was ordained, and one would have thought that at my age I would have understood what the words of the service meant. But when I came to the passage which commences: *"Give Thy Holy Spirit to this infant, that he may be born again, and be made an heir of everlasting salvation,"* I had to stop, because suddenly I wondered what on earth I was talking about. It seemed to me that I had never said those words before, and I had to look at my prayer book to assure myself that there was, in fact, no error before I could collect my thoughts and go on with the service.

Finally it was all over, and the child was back in his jungle hammock, and the mother was busy at the cooking place with supper, and I was folding up my altar cloth.

After supper, while the mother tidied up the supper things and nursed her baby at the door of the tent, I sat with Jock Anderson upon a log, smoking a last pipe with him before turning in.

"He's a fine child, Jock," I said. "You must be proud of him."

"Aye," he replied. And then he said: "He'll have a hard time with the colour."

"I wouldn't worry too much about that," I said. "It's not so important as some other things. He's got a good mother."

"Aye," he said, "she's a good

girl." He paused, and sucked his pipe.

"You ought to think about some settled job," I said, "for the child's sake. Especially if you're going to have any other children."

"Aye," he said slowly, "that's a fact." He paused. "Jimmie Beeman, manager at Tavistock Forest, he said he'd offer me the job of head stockman, last year. He'll be at Croydon races, and I'll see him. Maybe I'll break up this outfit, and go there. He's got a two-roomed house out past his stockyard."

"He'd probably build on another room if he knew that you'd stay a year or two," I said. "I'll have a talk with him next time I'm round that way, if it'd help."

I paused, and we sat smoking, looking out across the waterhole in the still moonlight.

"He's a fine bairn," Jock said presently. "As fine a bairn as I ever saw. He'll be a big fellow when he grows up. He'll make a good stockman, or a drover maybe."

"You can't tell," I said quietly. "You ought to give him a good schooling. You never know what people will turn into. He might rise to be anything before he dies."

We knocked our pipes out and turned in soon after that. I lay in my swag for a long time before sleep came, watching the brilliant stars through the fine tracery of the gum leaves. I knew then that a corner of the veil had been lifted a little for me by Stevie Figgins under the hand of God, and I am still puzzled to know why this thing was done. Because it means that I have been honoured in a way beyond my station in life; I am an obscure and unimportant man, a man like a million others doing the job each day that comes to hand, and not doing it very well. Who am I that God should pick me to reveal His wonders to?

And who was Stevie, to whom the full revelation had been made? But here I feel I am on firmer ground, because it is the way of God to deal with poor and humble men. If the Scriptures teach us anything, it is that God speaks seldom to the wise men or to the great statesmen. For His messages He speaks to poor and humble men, to outcasts, to the people we despise.

So there it is, and I can add no more to this account. I have written down what happened, and it has eased my mind to do so, and I shall now lock these exercise books away, put the whole thing out of my mind, and go on with my job here in this scattered parish.

All that this strange experience has taught me has gone to confirm what I think I already knew, secretly, perhaps, and deep down in my heart.

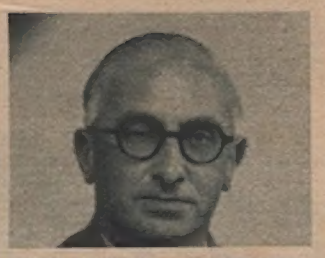
If what I think I have been told is true it means that we make our own Heaven and our own Hell in our own daily lives, and the Kingdom of Heaven is here within us, now, for those who have gone before.

THE END

"In The Wet," by Nevil Shute, is published in book form by Heinemann, price 12s. 6d.

LIFE WITH MOTHER

Here is the missing person from the photograph on page 28—Annette Mills, TV entertainer and songwriter, with her daughter, Molly.



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COUNTING the days till the holiday of his dreams is Mr. E. Lloyd, of Reading. Next month this fifty-year-old British Railways employee (on left) and his wife board a luxury airliner for the £100 Riviera Holiday *added to* the £500 he won with a *Bullet*. A few hours later, they will be enjoying the Mediterranean sunshine of lovely Nice, where (on right) you see Launceston housewife Mrs. F. Hicks and her husband, in the course of a holiday tour won in *Bullets*.

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To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

We British
Recipe For Success
All Through Life
The Conquest Of Space
Has Everything
In Despair's Desert
Cut The Frills And
A First-class Education
Bearing Fruit
The Foreman's Holiday
Robbed Of Its Terrors
All Lined Up
With A Wicked Wink
Our Butcher
Frantic
Switches, Levers, Buttons
Whisked Away
Chasing Moonbeams
At The Airport
Like An Angry Wasp

Incomplete "Examples" —see Instructions

Asleep In The.....
He Who .....
Beginning To .....
One Of Dad's.....
Perfectly .....
Isn't ..... Yet, But

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,896 (or Xword 848), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"Bullets" Winners 1,891

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Swiss Holiday: N. E. J. Godwin, 28 Algiers Road, Portsmouth:

A Star Hitch To—And *Plod*!

£50: J. Dobie, 188 Stenhouse Drive, Edinburgh: BUTTONS IN THE WORKS —REPLACING "ZIP" IN WORKERS?

£25: D. H. Colclough, 49 Charminster Road, Bournemouth: WORSE THAN FACING — "HILLS" — SEEING *Nothing* AHEAD.

OTHER AWARDS: £10: A. Humphrey, 16 Sunny Hill Avenue, Exley Head, Keighley: SUMMER'S MAGIC — LEAFY "SUNSHADE," SUDDENLY "UMBRELLA." £9: J. E. Hurley, "Pyrcot," North Street, Williton, Taunton: NO MORE—RICKETY CHILDREN—*Schools*, NOW! £8: A. Maddox, 36 Ellis Street, Brinsworth, Rotherham: CAME IN USEFUL—AT LAST, WINSTON'S *Arm-chair*! £7: J. Gallagher, 7 Radharc na Pairce, Drogheda, Co. Louth: SOMETHING IN THE WORKS—OF MAN, ENDANGERING "WORKSHOP." £6: W. E. Spruce, 24 Holland Villas Road, W.14: INQUISITOR MCCARTHY — RESTOCKING LIBRARIES WITH—COMICS? £5: Miss E. M. Crook, 7 Wilson Street, Folly Lane, Warrington: BY THE WAY HE DISTORTS — "PICTURE," MCCARTHY NEEDS "SUPPRESSORS"! £5: Mrs. J. Ferrier, 8 Poplar Crescent, Kirkcaldy: SHODDY STUFF—STILLS TILLS—KILLS MILLS.

For ten winners of £2 10s, see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. 50 *Bullets* Season Tickets and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated August 22, and in JOHN BULL dated August 29), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, August 15, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,896 result.)

FINE HOLIDAY OFFER FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 848**

1. This word might possibly make one think of trees
5. To give silly and wicked humanity a real chance, one might think that new this was needed
8. In some circumstances one finds it essential to do this to a window
10. There are men who'll go the most extraordinary lengths for the sake of
13. If kept in a basket, they won't be kept there all the time
14. When pursued, hare may often do
15. It's disappointing if opposing forces do this just when they seem to be about to give up

Down Clues

2. Highly coloured ones often meet with some criticism
3. Certain kind of bed may be of the nature of this
4. This is the kind of thing tellers count
6. You'll want milk for
7. Some hands are very easily this
9. This helps a person on cold, frosty morning
11. May be such as to make it most uncomfortable if you're in dock
12. Now and again follows a flare-up

£100 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS £25 SEASIDE HOLIDAY

(If prize shared, £25 Holiday Cash similarly divided)

AWARDS VALUE £25

among 1st Runners-up and up to 25 SURPRISE PARCELS

containing 20 extras to help fill your larder—one Parcel with each Runner-up Award value £1 or over.

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES — one for each 2nd Runner-up

XWORD 843 RESULT

WINNING WORDS, ACROSS: 1, Pitch. 2, Sins. 4, Dole. 8, Minors. 9, Helm. 13, Boots. 14, Seat. DOWN: 1, Putty. 3, Stops. 5, Wink. 6, Paper. 7, Crock. 10, Morn. 11, Fan. 12, Lot.

SIX £100 SHARERS: Mrs. D. Dalrymple, London, E.10; E. Frank, Thurgoland, Sheffield; C. E. Hewings, Oxenton, Cheltenham; F. H. James, Briton Ferry, Glam; Miss G. Kingsley, St. Osyth, Clacton-on-Sea; J. Walsh, Hoghton, near Preston. Winners also share £25 Holiday Cash.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 88 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

WIN £100 and HOLIDAY with this COUPON

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated August 15.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per contest and to entry requiring not more than 16 entries. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

1	O	O	2T	S	■	3	■	4	■	
■	B	■		■	5	L	O	O	D	
6C	O	P	E	7C	■	O	■	T	A	
A	E	■	8S	H	■	T	T	E	R	
■	■	9	■	■	■	■	E	■	K	
E	L	I	■	P	■	10	A	G	■	
■	■	P	E	P	■	■	■	A	11J	
■	12	■	13P	E	■	S	■	S	U	
14	O	U	N	D	■	P	A	■	■	
848	W	A	S	■	15	A	L	L	Y	

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **848** Bank Holiday Closing Postmark TUES., AUG. 4

I enclose P.O. value ..... No. .....

Signed .....

Address.....

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SWISS HOLIDAY OFFER NEXT WEEK!

EXAMPLE 6d.
.....
BULLET

EX. 6d.
.....
B.

EX. 6d.
.....
B.

EX.
.....
B. EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.

EX.
.....
B.

NOTE BONUS OFFER ABOVE for FULLY COMPLETED COUPON

1,896 EXTRA DAY TO WIN

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Bank Holiday Closing Postmark TUES., AUG. 4

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

MAY WE SEND YOU THIS GUIDE TO SUCCESS? For practical help with *Bullets* and Crosswords, stick 2½d. stamp on right—this brings you *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated August 15. **709**

STICK 2½d. STAMP here for "Bulletin"

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